

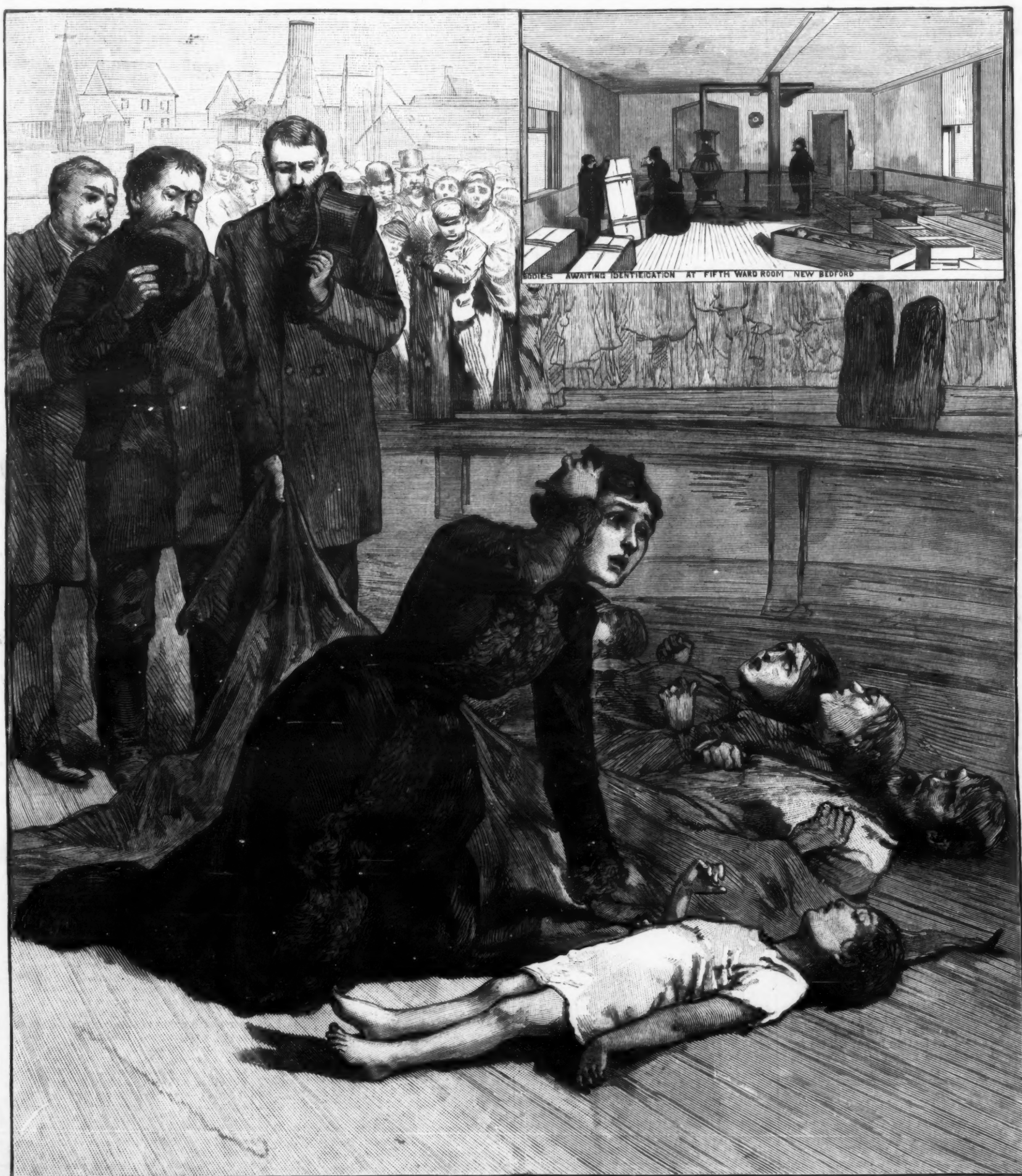
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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MASSACHUSETTS.—THE LOSS OF THE "CITY OF COLUMBUS"—IDENTIFYING THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS ON THE DECK OF THE TUG "STORM KING," AT NEW BEDFORD.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 373.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1884.

PROPERTY IN BRAINS.

IT is preposterous that the common law, which defines a man's right to his land and house, his coat and his dog, should not, in any civilized country, be deemed sufficient to defend his right to his intellectual creations. If he construct a three-legged stool, it is his; if he write a "Paradise Lost" or a "Principia" it is anybody's who chooses to steal it. Copyright was invented to cover this new-fangled sort of property, but even a copyright extends only to the boundaries of the country of which the author is a citizen. The result is that the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Swinburne, Black, Reade and Wilkie Collins, sold at high prices in their own land, are reproduced here and sold at ten cents a copy. And the result of this is that English authors are robbed of their own brain property, and that American authors are virtually driven from the market and their piles of dollar books are unsold.

So there is a complete prostration among American publishers, and American authors are comatose under a listlessness that simulates death. Scarcely a man of letters in this country, outside of journalism and dramatic work, is making a living by the unaided efforts of his pen. The robbery cuts both ways and wounds the publishers and the authors of both lands.

The remedy is simple. What we need is for Congress to pass a law giving to every foreigner the power to copyright his books, plays, etc., in America, providing his country extends the same courtesy to American authors. If we enact such a law, and other nations accept the condition, our authors and publishers will both be protected. Then Mr. Tennyson, for instance, can copyright his poems in both countries, and print them where he pleases. He can import them here (under the prevailing protective duty), or he can make a contract with an American publisher, which, of course, would be more profitable. In either case he will slay the ten-cent pirates.

We have had some experience in point. We bought of Mr. Wilkie Collins, for this paper, the advance sheets of one of his stories. We printed the first installment one Wednesday, and a weekly paper in the city "in good and regular standing," getting hold of one of our early sheets, set up the installment in type and presented it to its readers on Saturday. It thus followed us with great diligence through the story, only about two days behind, without any compensation to the author. When Mr. Collins offered to sell us the advance sheets of his next story, we answered that he apparently had nothing to sell, and he sadly conceded that the point was well taken. Under a reciprocal copyright, whether secured by Mr. Dorshelmer's Bill, or by the proposed treaty now in Secretary Frelinghuysen's hands, or both acting in conjunction, Mr. Collins could sell us his story, we could protect our property, and American wit, having no more dime treasures to compete with, could find abundant market for its wares. Certain it is that we can never have a national literature or a national drama till we confer on the English author the right to sell his own creations in our land, instead of compelling him to give them away. If the produce dealers of New York could steal the wheat, oats, potatoes, butter and cheese of Europe, bring them to New York for nothing, and give them away to all consumers in all our markets for the sake of selling at a profit the bags they made for the purpose, the farmers of the United States would, in two days, raise a merry Babel about the ears of Congress, and something for the farmers' protection would have to be done at once. But this is exactly the rivalry that the authors of the United States have always had to suffer. Is there any wonder that under the careless care of such a system of general spoliation few great authors have risen?—that the men who, under decent encouragement, would have been our great poets, novelists and playwrights have become, instead, drygoods jobbers, cotton-pickers, wheat-grinders, railroad-wreckers and mere millionaires? We shall have no literature to do us lasting honor till we render and guarantee unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

FRAUDS IN COMMERCE.

THAT "honesty is the best policy" is a fact universally recognized, but it would be, of course, too much to say that it is a maxim always acted upon. To say nothing of the frauds in the grading of wheat, in the inspection of flour, and in the manufacture of butter, by all of which our export trade is greatly injured, there are various other commercial practices, not in themselves necessarily fraudulent, but

nevertheless detrimental to the interests of our mercantile community, which are becoming far too common. A practice, for instance, daily becoming more and more prevalent, but which should certainly be discontinued, is the habit of dating bills ahead; it results in an over-crowding of the markets, an undue straining of credits, and disaster in not a few instances. Another mistake of merchants, and one already productive of much mischief, is the growing practice of selling their paper through brokers in order to become independent of banks. The care which banks exercise in extending credit to merchants tends to prevent an unhealthy expansion of business; when a merchant finds he can get his notes discounted on the street without trouble or too close inquiry into his affairs, he is tempted to go too far. Then what is termed the fraudulent preference given by a bankrupt to certain creditors is another evil of business life. The over-certification of checks is still another, which has been very justly reprehended by Comptroller Knox. It is obviously a practice calculated to inspire distrust of banks, and one which, if allowed to go on unhindered, may in time reach really alarming proportions.

Yet another abuse, which unquestionably demands immediate legislation, is the fraudulent under-valuation of goods imported into this country, by which the Government is not only despoiled of a considerable sum annually in the shape of duties, but American merchants are seriously injured. Foreign traders often decline to have direct commercial relations with American merchants, but establish agencies in this country, and thus by collusion between the consignors abroad and the consignees here the swindling is perpetrated. So injurious to the interests of honest trade has this practice become that the Secretary of the Treasury has found it necessary to bring the subject before the present Congress for legislation which shall effectually deal with it. And it would be well indeed if all the abuses here mentioned might be removed at once and a fair start in legitimate commerce be made in all departments of industry with the new year upon which we have just entered.

A GOOD EDUCATIONAL WORK.

THE City of Cleveland, in Ohio, has an Educational Bureau which is unique, so far as this country is concerned, there being nothing like it anywhere except, we believe, at Manchester, England. Its entertainments this year occupy fifteen evenings—once every other Saturday—season tickets being one dollar and a half each. They bring together audiences of from 3,500 to 5,000 people. Neatly edited books for the people are distributed gratis at each entertainment. The auditorium is a large building not unlike the Madison Square Garden—built as a Tabernacle for the Moody and Sankey meetings. Mr. Bolton, the secretary, whose wife, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, is known as a writer and editor of talent, and edits the books for the people, has the rare faculty of getting up a "variety" intellectual treat which draws the whole population. Three-fourths of his audiences, perhaps, are working people; one-fourth the elite. His programmes consist usually of from three to six brief speeches, or lectures of ten or twenty minutes each, with some one leading *piece de resistance*, which is the roast-beef of the repast, and music of various kinds between each two. Some of them are wholly musical. The working people fill the building as early as seven p. m., and read books under the power of a strong electric light until half-past seven, when music begins. At eight speaking commences and continues until half-past nine. Then upwards of one hundred city cars are in waiting to take the people home. On the occasion of a debate, like that on Free Trade last year between Professors Sumner and Denolow, the building is hung with mottoes illustrating both sides of the question, those favoring Protection on one side and those favoring Free Trade on the other. No entertainment is permitted to be marred by sectarianism in religion, or partisan utterances in politics, except on those occasions when both sides are represented in debate.

Every city might have, but Cleveland has alone, the good fortune to actually enjoy a means of public entertainment which brings together all the disengaged people in the city desiring amusement on that evening. It is cosmopolitan. One of the notable debates of the present season will take place on the evening of February 23, when Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and Professor Van Buren Denolow will discuss the subject of Women Suffrage. Each speaker will have fifty minutes, divided into two speeches, one of thirty and one of twenty minutes, with music intervening.

THE QUESTION OF DIVORCE.

TO say that the Family is one of the pillars of the State is to utter a sentiment as familiar as it is important; and that sentiment admitted, it follows that

anything which tends to impair the purity and permanence of the marriage relation is to be dreaded as a moral pestilence. From this conviction arises the anxiety and apprehension so widely felt in view of the constantly increasing number of divorces in many, if not most, of the States of the Union. The subject is being agitated alike in the pulpit and the press, and social reformers of every grade are making haste to utter their theories. Some of our magistrates also are taking part in the discussion. Anti-divorce leagues are springing up in various quarters, and ecclesiastical bodies, Catholic and Protestant alike, are bearing testimony.

These are hopeful signs. By comparison of views and earnest discussion the truth can scarcely fail to be elicited and a sound and enlightened public sentiment formed for the guidance of our legislatures and courts. The discussion should be characterized by a generous tolerance and patient thoroughness which will leave no branch of the question near or remote unconsidered. Here, as in so many other cases, the right path will probably be found to lie between extremes—between the doctrine of the absolute indissolubility of marriage on the one hand and the easy divorces now so common on the other. Those who imagine that public opinion in this country can ever be reconciled to the doctrine that marriage should only be dissolved for a single cause are, we believe, deluding themselves. Any argument which proceeds upon the assumption that the question is already settled for us by supernatural or other ancient authority, from which there is no appeal, is discredited in advance. The people of this country, including those whose religious convictions are deepest and strongest, and whose attachment to the Bible is invulnerable, can never be made to believe that government in the United States is a Theocracy, to be administered at the dictation of priests of any sort or school. They will insist that they have complete jurisdiction of the question of divorce, and the right to decide, according to their own conscientious judgment, after weighing all precedents, ancient and modern, what is wisest and best in this generation.

One view of the subject, it strikes us, has been widely overlooked. That divorce should be freer in a republic than in a monarchy is only what might be expected, for republican government is the result of man's effort to govern himself by the exercise of his own reason. It enlarges the scope and widens the sphere of individual liberty, narrowing by just so much the functions of the State. This larger freedom, though in the long run it will, no doubt, justify itself as conservative of the best interests of society, may and often does lead to temporary evils. It has done so, we think, in this very matter of divorce. Our laws are too loose and offer too many and too easy facilities for fraud, and we count it fortunate that their deficiencies are now engaging the public attention.

The ideal marriage is and ever must be for life. Such is the Divine law, written in the nature of man, and which all right-minded persons joyfully accept. But in this, as in all other human affairs, we have to deal with imperfections. "The hardness of your hearts" was the reason assigned by the Master for the relaxation at a very early day of the higher and purer law of marriage. But it is the part of a wise statesmanship to so limit this relaxation that it shall not become dangerous to society. There is more than one way in which the marriage covenant may be subverted and made a covert for the most odious tyranny. It is for our legislators to consider and determine what are the just and rightful grounds of divorce, and to frame such laws as will protect the married from oppression, injustice and cruelty, on the one hand, and conserve the best interests of society on the other.

WHY NOT CAPTAIN MARY?

MRS. MARY MILLER some weeks since applied to the Secretary of the Treasury for a license as captain of the vessel owned by herself and her physically disabled husband, to run upon the Missouri River; and now Kenneth Raynor, the Secretary's lawyer, has written an opinion adverse to it. If she were made captain, Mr. Raynor thinks, it would involve the propriety of her being made hangman provided she should apply for the office of sheriff—which seems to us a *non sequitur*. It quite depends upon circumstances whether a woman should always confine herself to those employments which have been thought best adapted to her sex—on the circumstance, for instance, whether her crippled husband owns property which furnishes to them and to the children a living, and which she can best take care of if placed absolutely in authority. It is not apparent to us from any point of view why Mary Miller should not get her license to command as captain the steamer which she and her husband purchased by their joint earnings, and which is the home of her family. Men and women deserve honor who try to fill worthily the places in which their

lot is cast, and the practical range of woman's work has become so broad and diversified during this half century that it ill becomes any man arbitrarily to define its boundary, especially a well-paid public functionary whose duties a woman, with proper bent and training, could perform exactly as well.

NEW CITY PARKS.

THE Commissioners appointed to select sites for new city parks have presented an elaborate report in which, while directing attention to the insufficiency of present park accommodation, they also supply valuable information in reference to parks in other great cities in this country and Europe. New York, according to the facts thus given, is in this respect far behind several of her sister cities. The metropolis has but one acre of park for 1,363 inhabitants; London, one to 205; Paris, one to 13; Philadelphia, one to 300; and Chicago, one to 200 of the population. The pecuniary advantage of investments by the city in such "breathing spaces" is made evident from the fact, stated by the Commissioners, that Central Park has benefited the city to the extent of \$17,000,000 over its entire cost in the increased value it has given to the adjacent property.

The proposed park sites selected by the Commissioners include one of 1,070 acres, embracing the Van Cortlandt estate, half a mile beyond Spuyten Duyvil Creek and an equal distance east of the Hudson River; a tract of 650 acres on the Bronx River, a mile further to the east; a space of 1,700 acres on the Sound, two miles from the present city limits; and three small spaces between this series and the Hudson River, the aggregate being 3,800 acres, which the Commissioners state can be purchased for \$8,000,000.

If the recommendation of the Commissioners is adopted, the city will acquire a large area of land possessed of natural features of great beauty, pleasantly diversified by wooded hills and dales, rocks, streamlets and other accessories which constitute the charm of natural scenery, and which art, so-called, seldom touches without profaning. In the event of the purchase being made, it is to be hoped that the mistakes of the past in this direction may not be repeated.

THE DUTY ON SUGARS.

THE aim of all legislation should be the greatest good of the greatest number. As sugar is a necessary article of consumption from childhood to old age, to lessen the cost of sugar would benefit the entire population. As all are consumers, they are the class whose interests are to be consulted. It is not surprising, therefore, to find an overwhelming preponderance of public opinion in favor of a reduction of the present high rates of duty on sugars.

In what form that reduction should be made is a matter about which the refiners, importers, the sellers and consumers, have never agreed. Considering the question from the standpoint of the consumer, the method of reduction is not so important as its amount. Sugars now pay an average duty of about 2½ cents per pound.

All sugars not above No. 13 Dutch standard in color, and tested by the Polaroscope not above seventy-five degrees, pay a duty of 140-100 cents per pound. For every additional degree or fraction of a degree as shown by the Polaroscope, they pay 4-10¢ of a cent per pound additional. All sugars above No. 13 and not above No. 16 Dutch standard, pay 275-100 cents per pound. All sugars above No. 16 and not above No. 20 Dutch standard, pay 3 cents per pound, and sugars above No. 20 pay 350-100 cents.

The first thought that occurs to the uninitiated mind is that this machinery is unnecessarily complicated. Sugars are graded by the two standards of color and saccharine strength; they pay seven or eight different fractional rates, which fractions are exceedingly troublesome in classifications and liquidations. The only substantial argument used by Solon Humphries and other high authorities, who seem to favor this complex system, is that sugar, like alcoholic spirits, silks, etc., should be taxed according to value or saccharine substance. They admit, however, that it would not be a violent departure from the principle of *ad valorem* taxation to dispense with the fractions and have sugars pay the three rates of one, two and three cents per pound.

As almost all sugars now imported fall below No. 13 Dutch standard, a duty of one cent per pound ought to satisfy the most advanced revenue reformers. It would be an important step in the direction of simplification, and would greatly facilitate the practical adjustment of the sugar duties. The most serious objection to the proposed modification is that it leaves unreformed the old danger of frauds upon the revenue through collusion with examiners, samplers, and other Customs officers. As the duties on a single cargo of sugar amount to many thousands of dollars, hundreds of dollars could be profitably paid Government agents by importers to bring about changes in classifications. Such temptations should be removed from men who are on salaries as low as \$100 per month.

The only effectual protection against all possible corruption would be a uniform specific rate of duty on all sugars of, say, one cent and a quarter per pound. This form of tax would

be the simplest, most easily collectable, and would afford ample revenue.

But, whatever the plan of reduction adopted by Congress, the amount of reduction should be sufficient to put an end to the adulterations of sugar. It is estimated that the sugar duties must be reduced one half in order to drive out of existence the glucose manufactories that are now established in six or seven States. At Peoria, Ill., they are daily adulterating two-fifths of the sugar consumed in the entire State. This is a fraud on the consumer that should not be continued under the sanction of law. Other adulterations, especially injurious to young children, are being practiced and devised. Dirt, glucose and sand are perhaps the least injurious of these vile ingredients. Such tricks and impositions are made profitable because of the high-tariff taxes on imported sugars. What the people want is better sugar and cheaper sugar. This popular demand in the interest of health, honesty and economy will be felt in Congress if the Press is vigilant and faithful to duty.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE situation in the Soudan has not undergone any important change during the week. Vague reports continue to be received that the rebels are gathering in great force about Khartoum, and that the whole country is aflame with revolt; but, on the other hand, there is no evidence that El Mahdi has achieved any fresh successes, and there is a possibility that the evacuation of the provinces of Kordofan and Darfour may be accomplished without any fresh disasters. Khartoum still remains open to Cairo, and telegraphic communication is regularly maintained. General "Chinese" Gordon is on his way thither, with full power to make the best arrangement possible for the adjustment of the whole Soudanese question, and great confidence is felt that he will be able to carry out successfully the policy determined upon by the British Government. Meanwhile, Eker Pasha's negotiations with various tribal chiefs have resulted favorably, and their co-operation with the Egyptian troops is thought to be assured. For the first time there seems to be something like real coherency in the British plans, and if these shall be adhered to, a happier solution of the troubles may be reached than has heretofore seemed to be possible. The Government is holding ten thousand troops in readiness to embark for Egypt in case of emergency. The story is revived that a large part of General Hicks's army is still safe at Lake Rahad.

From Tonquin we have information that the French have made a reconnaissance in force in the direction of Bac-Ninh, but as yet have made no other demonstration. The enemy are said to be strongly posted for defense, and the French appear to have concluded that it will not be safe to attack the city until the arrival of reinforcements. These are expected early in March. Admiral Courbet has established a blockade to prevent the entrance into the country of articles and material contraband of war.

The new Queen of Madagascar declares that she will not surrender an inch of her territory to the French. They are, however, already in possession, and will not probably pay much attention to the Queen's defiant language. There has never been a more indefensible procedure than this French invasion of Madagascar, and the world would be quite content to see them annihilated by the people whose soil they have occupied. Another town on the east coast, occupied largely by English residents, has been bombarded by the French vessels, and as the assault appears to have been altogether wanton and unprovoked, possibly the British Government may demand "explanations" with an emphasis befitting the gravity of the outrage.

The peasantry of County Donegal, Ireland, last week assembled in vast numbers at Derrybeg, the birthplace of Patrick O'Donnell, and after assisting at a Mass for the repose of the soul of the murderer, held a mock funeral, a coffin being placed in the O'Donnell family burying-plot, while the people knelt in prayer around the grave. Wreaths of immortelles were placed upon the coffin, which was appropriately inscribed. A monument is to be erected to the memory of the assassin. Meetings of Nationalists have been held at two or three points during the past week, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Government.

The remains of the late Dr. Edouard Lasker, who died suddenly in New York on the 4th instant, reached Berlin last week, and were received with marked honors. The funeral was attended by representatives of workingmen's associations from all the leading European capitals, and numerous societies in all parts of Prussia sent deputations. The last letter written by Dr. Lasker to his friends in Berlin spoke with great satisfaction of the results of his observations in this country: "The virtues and advantages of the United States are so great and universally visible," he said, "as to convince him that the lead in all matters of civilization will go over to the next future generation of these United States."

A Socialist plot to murder policemen has been discovered in Vienna, and the Government, with a view to the suppression of the existing disorders, proposes to introduce in Parliament a Bill providing for a minor state of siege. Fresh arrests of Nihilists have been made in St. Petersburg. All female medical students, a class from which many Nihilists have been enlisted, are now compelled to reside in a house provided by the authorities, and to be at home before nine o'clock in the evening.

CONGRESS has already responded to the suggestion of the President that a prompt attempt should be made to rescue Lieutenant Greely

and his companions from their exile at Lady Franklin Bay. A Bill has passed both Houses authorizing the purchase and equipment of two steam-whalers to set out for the Arctic as early as possible next Summer, and as the appropriation is not limited every provision likely to guarantee success will no doubt be made. The expedition will be in charge of the Navy Department.

It is said that the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors have decided to confine their appropriations for public works of this character to the large navigable rivers and the most important harbors. They agree that these expenditures have been carried to such an excess that it is time to call a halt, and they believe that the better sentiment of the House will sustain them in this discrimination. Whether this confidence as to the House shall be justified or not, it is quite certain that the country will approve the Committee's decision, and its approval is of a good deal more consequence than the opinion, one way or the other, of the average Congressional body.

THE heroism of Lieutenant Rhodes, of the United States revenue steamer *Dexter*, who twice swam to the wrecked steamer *City of Columbus* and rescued two men who were clinging to the rigging, has been applauded far and wide, as it deserves. The House of Representatives has given him a special vote of thanks; the Press has held him up to public commendation; and now a more practical recognition of his gallant services is proposed in the shape of a purse to be made up by popular subscription. In Boston many contributions to the fund have already been made, and we do not doubt that other communities will follow suit with generous donations towards the deserved testimonial.

THE Eighth Annual Children's Carnival and Ball, in aid of the Building Fund of the Western Dispensary, which is to take place at the Academy of Music, February 11th, promises to be an eminently successful affair. The sale of boxes is in charge of Mrs. Egbert Guernsey, and her enthusiasm and indefatigable energy constitute a guarantee that in this direction the most satisfactory results will be achieved. Mrs. Guernsey's success in a similar effort in connection with the recent Charity Ball was altogether exceptional, and the Carnival management are fortunate, indeed, in having her invaluable co-operation in their undertaking. It goes without saying that the object of the entertainment is one which must commend itself to all the charitably disposed.

JUDGE WILSON, United States Senator-elect from Maryland, has an interesting romance as well as a dignified political position. He was an inveterate snuff-taker many years after the practice had been tabooed in good society, but finally compromised by giving up his snuff-box, and making arrangements with a deserving woman who kept a shop in Snow Hill, where he resided, to get a pinch whenever he called at the shop for it. This woman was Mrs. Knox, who had a handsome and refined daughter. The mother died, but before taking her departure, confided her property and daughter to the care of the Judge. After settling the estate he found that the orphaned daughter had a mortgage on his affections, which he could satisfy in no way except by a marriage certificate. The result is said to have been unusually satisfactory to both parties to the transaction.

THE metropolitan debut of Miss Emma Latham, the young Californian actress, at the Star Theatre, last week, was an event of interest in dramatic and social circles. The rôle chosen by Miss Latham—that of *Constance*, in Sheridan Knowles's "Love Chase"—is one which makes considerable demands upon the vivacity, grace and intelligence of the comedienne who essays it, and these were met in a manner which augurs well for the artistic future of the debutante. She is facile and refined in movement and gesture, and her face is of a delicate Oriental type of beauty, with fine, expressive eyes. The talents which Miss Latham undoubtedly possesses will eventually, we fancy, find fuller scope in the modern emotional drama than in the stilted, Elizabethan plays of Knowles, which, with all their ingenuity and sterling merit, have lost the charm which they exerted over the playgoers of a past generation.

THE discussion of some phases of public school management is revived in Boston by the sudden death of little Grace Walton, alleged to be the result of over study. It may be a question whether, as a rule, the course of study in our public schools is too severe for the average of the children to whom it is applied. In our opinion it is; but at any rate it is a mistake to make it equally applicable to all. Some children in every school—nay, in every class, even—have congenital frailty of brain or body disqualifying them for mental efforts which their comrades find easy, and it is the business of instructors to detect these weaker ones of the flock and favor them and spare them as far as need be. The death of a child from over study—assuming the report to be correct—is not necessarily a condemnation of the public school curriculum; but it raises afresh the question whether the "cramming" process is not rather an evil than a good, and it certainly shows that the teachers of the unfortunate scholar were lacking in discretion and good sense.

ONE of the curious features of crime in these days, as depicted in the newspapers, is the large, if not the preponderating, number of boys and girls, and half-grown men and women, who get into print on account of offenses of one sort and another. One of the most remark-

able of recent examples of this sort is that of a youngster in Floyd County, Ky., who is spoken of as "the notorious boy bigamist." That this description does not do injustice to the facts will probably be admitted, when it is understood that, although but nineteen years of age, he is already the husband of four wives. Whatever may be said of his morals, or lack of them, no one will call in question his enterprise in the industry to which he has so successfully devoted his tender years. There may even be some possessor of a single wife whose experience will lead him to sympathize with, rather than to condemn, this enterprising youth, and who will stoutly hold that in his case, at least, the sin brings its own punishment. Others, again, will charitably believe that it is simply a case of the right man in the wrong place—a natural-born Mormon in an unappreciative, monogamous community. But all law-abiding citizens will agree that it was quite time that the lad's rapid hymeneal exploits should come to an end—as they did the other day when he fell into the clutches of a sheriff who had been anxiously looking for him for some weeks.

In his late report to the Government, General Crook, who is about as well informed as anybody on the Indian question, persists in the idea that the Indian is capable of civilization, and that with proper encouragement he may be made a good citizen. He refers, in support of his position, to the large crops that some of the Indians of his department raised last year, although but ill-supplied with seeds and agricultural implements. These Indian agriculturists, he says further, are not of the peaceful tribes that have long lived on Government reservations, but Apaches, who have been considered utterly incapable of civilization. General Crook recommends that these Indians should be allowed to own the lands in severalty, and thus have a strong incentive to work and live like white men; and a good deal can be said in support of this recommendation. The Women's National Indian Association, it may be added, is laboring directly to this end, and it has already awakened a strong public sentiment in many Northern States in favor of legislation which will secure this result. The Indians themselves are coming to see the advantage of the proposed policy, as is shown by the fact that four hundred Winnebagoes in Nebraska have petitioned the Secretary of the Interior to allot to them lands in severalty so that they may acquire rights of citizenship.

THE Pennsylvania Dukes-Nutt vendetta seems to have reached an end. Dukes betrayed Captain Nutt's daughter, and boasted of it. Nutt met him and denounced him for it, and in an altercation was shot dead. Dukes was tried for murder and acquitted amid the intense indignation of the people of the town in which he lived. These last then hunted up young Nutt and told him he must avenge his father and sister. The callow avenger trembled at his destiny, but he reluctantly bought a pistol, went out and fired at a barn-door with it, and, when he had got so that he could discharge it without screaming, he lay in wait for the slayer of his father and murdered him. Then he had the inevitable long trial, and the jury has acquitted him, as they acquitted McFarland, Sickles, Stokes, Cole, and others innumerable, on the ground that he was insane at the moment the act was committed. The sympathy of the public was undoubtedly with young Nutt, and to inflict upon him capital punishment for his offense was quite impossible; but his violation of the law was unquestionable, and he ought to have been convicted, even if some means had to be found through commutation or pardon to save his life at last. The verdict of insanity was reached only by insincerity and moral perjury on the part of every member of the jury: and such a necessity disgusts judges, demoralizes juries, and destroys respect for law. The release of Nutt, immediately after his trial on the ground that he was perfectly sane, fitly rounded out a series of proceedings which, as a bald travesty upon justice, were in the last degree disgraceful to the Keystone State.

THE House of Representatives has adopted, by the significant vote of 261 to 18, a resolution declaring that the forfeitable grants of land for railroad purposes ought to be forfeited and the lands restored to the public domain: that all laws under which public lands may be acquired by speculators ought to be repealed and the remaining public lands be held subject to homestead entries only, and the Committee on Public Lands be instructed to bring in Bills to accomplish the objects mentioned. The resolution further authorizes the committee to report such Bills at any time—an unusual privilege which will enable the House to act upon the measures proposed at its pleasure. As the Land Committee is committed to the policy outlined in the resolution, it is to be presumed that the reforms in the management of the public lands which are so obviously necessary will be actually consummated at this session, though the corporations concerned are making a desperate resistance, and will not abandon the fight as long as an inch of ground is left them. It is stated that the land grants so far made amount to 121,000,000 acres, and that of this aggregate only 21,000,000 acres have been earned. It will be observed that the policy declared by the House looks not only to the restoration to the public domain of the 100,000,000 acres now claimed by railroad and other corporations, but which they have not, it is asserted, earned by the fulfillment of conditions, but that it goes further and proposes that all agricultural lands, however granted or held, shall hereafter be open to acquisition only by actual settlers under the homestead laws. That is to say, it orders the abolition of entry by pre-emption, and thus strikes at the accumulation of large bodies of land into individual hands.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THIS has been the driest season for seven years in California.

MR. JOHN C. NAW has tendered his resignation as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

A CATHOLIC pilgrimage will start from New York city for the Holy Land on February 27th.

THE Virginia Senate has passed a resolution asking United States Senator Mahone to resign.

DURING the past year 2,623 new buildings were erected in New York city at a cost of \$44,308,638.

THE New York Senate has ordered an investigation into the adulteration of dairy and farm products.

LEGISLATION by Congress to correct the abuses of the fee system among United States marshals is under consideration.

THE New Jersey House of Assembly has passed a Bill to provide for the burial of honorably discharged soldiers who die in poverty.

THE ice harvest on the Hudson is about completed, about 3,000,000 tons having been housed, the largest quantity ever gathered.

THE President has nominated Mr. A. S. Worthington to succeed Colonel Corbitt as United States Attorney for the District of Columbia.

AN explosion, caused by fire damp, occurred in a mine at Crested Butte, Colorado, on the 24th instant, resulting in the death of more than fifty persons.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR was the guest of the Union League, New York, on the evening of the 23d instant. The reception was one of the notable social events of the season.

THE Bill for the relief of Fitz John Porter is still under discussion in the House of Representatives. A similar Bill was last week favorably reported in the Senate.

THE New York Senate Committee on Literature has reported favorably a Bill providing for instruction in public schools on the hygienic effects of alcoholic liquors.

THE Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater was destroyed by fire on January 25th. The loss is stated at \$500,000. The convicts were all rescued and placed under guard.

THE recent cold weather had a disastrous effect on the large truck farms, comprising thousands of acres, in the lower part of South Carolina, and badly damaged the winter crop of vegetables.

THERE are nearly twenty-one million bushels of grain of all kinds in store in Chicago, being twice the supply ever accumulated at this season of the year, and the regular daily receipts are about six hundred car-loads.

THE United States Senate has passed a Bill providing a government for Alaska. The Bill has a clause which prohibits the importation, sale or manufacture of intoxicating liquors in Alaska, except for medicinal or scientific purposes.

THE New York Board of Assessors, in their annual report just submitted, recommend a State tax on legacies and inheritances, and an income tax on all incomes above \$10,000,000, and declare that corporations should be taxed on the basis of their net or gross earnings.

"BRADSTREET'S" reports 310 failures in the United States during the past week, 11 less than the preceding week, 21 more than the corresponding week of 1883, and 105 more than the same week of 1882. About eighty per cent were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THE United States Senate has passed a resolution providing every Senator, not a Chairman of a Committee, with a secretary. There are thirty-five Senators thus situated, and as the new secretaries are to receive six dollars a day, the resolution means an additional outlay of \$38,000 per session.

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that the City of Chicago is authorized to tax occupations, the only restriction being that the tax must fall alike upon all of the same class. This is the result of a suit brought by livery-stable keepers to test the right of the city to impose an annual tax upon their business.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Sherman instructing the Committee on Privileges and Elections to investigate the outrages alleged to have been recently committed on colored people in Virginia and Mississippi. The resolution is expected to provoke a violent debate.

THE report of the Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, presented at the tenth annual meeting last week, showed that during 1883, 14,000 obscene pictures had been seized, 10 lotteries suppressed, 128 persons arrested, 31 of these for publishing and circulating obscene literature, and 78 convictions secured.

THE weather in some of the Western States has been intensely cold. At Liberty Mills, in Indiana, two infants were last week frozen to death in their cradle—the cold being so severe that the clothing froze fast to the little bodies. In the province of Ontario, settlers in some localities are in danger of starving, owing to their inability to obtain provisions, the heavy snow having stopped the roadways.

Foreign.

LIEUTENANT HARBUR has left Moscow with the remains of DeLong and party for New York.

EDMOND ABOUT, the author, has been elected a member of the French Academy by 19 votes, against 14 for M. Coppes.

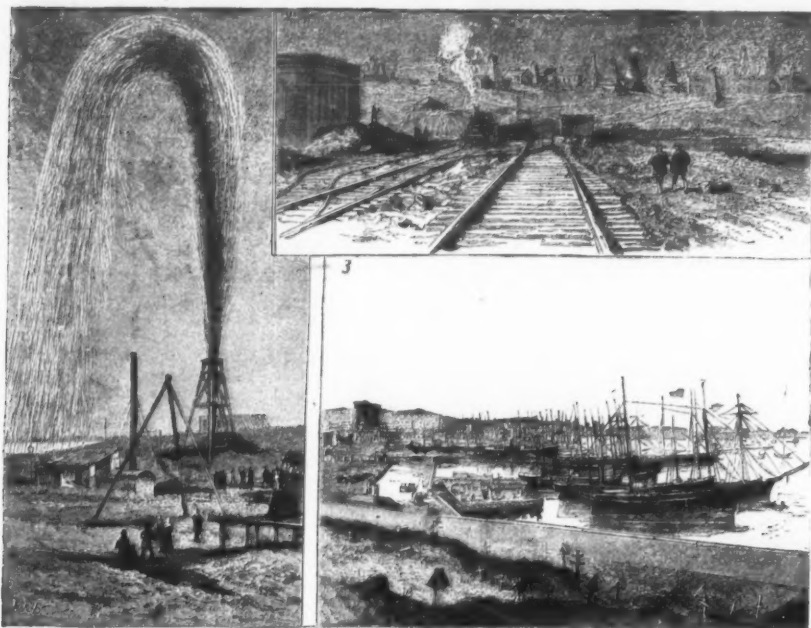
THE litigation in Germany between Edison and Swan on the fundamental incandescent lamp patents has been decided, in Berlin, against Swan and in favor of Edison.

THE Legislative Council of India has finally passed the libel Bill, as amended, so that every European prisoner will have the option of a trial before a native or a European judge or magistrate.

THE inhabitants of Peru do not come forward with warmth in support of President Iglesias. In fact, there appear more useless and senseless political dissensions than ever before. The Chileans have voluntarily reduced the amount fixed by the treaty of peace to be paid for the maintenance of the army of occupation.

A RUSSIAN correspondent of a London paper writes that the Czar is completely under the influence of the courtier Kathoff and the Greek priest Pobedonosteff. The court is conservative and the Nihilists weak, but the Liberals, who number 6,000,000, constantly urge war with Germany, foreseeing that should Russia suffer defeat in such a contest, the humbling of the Czar would make internal reform possible, and result in the ultimate salvation of the Russ as people.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 375.



1 A Petroleum Fountain during First Five Days. 2 The Wells. 3 Harbor of Baku.
RUSSIA.—THE PETROLEUM WELLS OF BAKU, ON THE CASPIAN SEA.



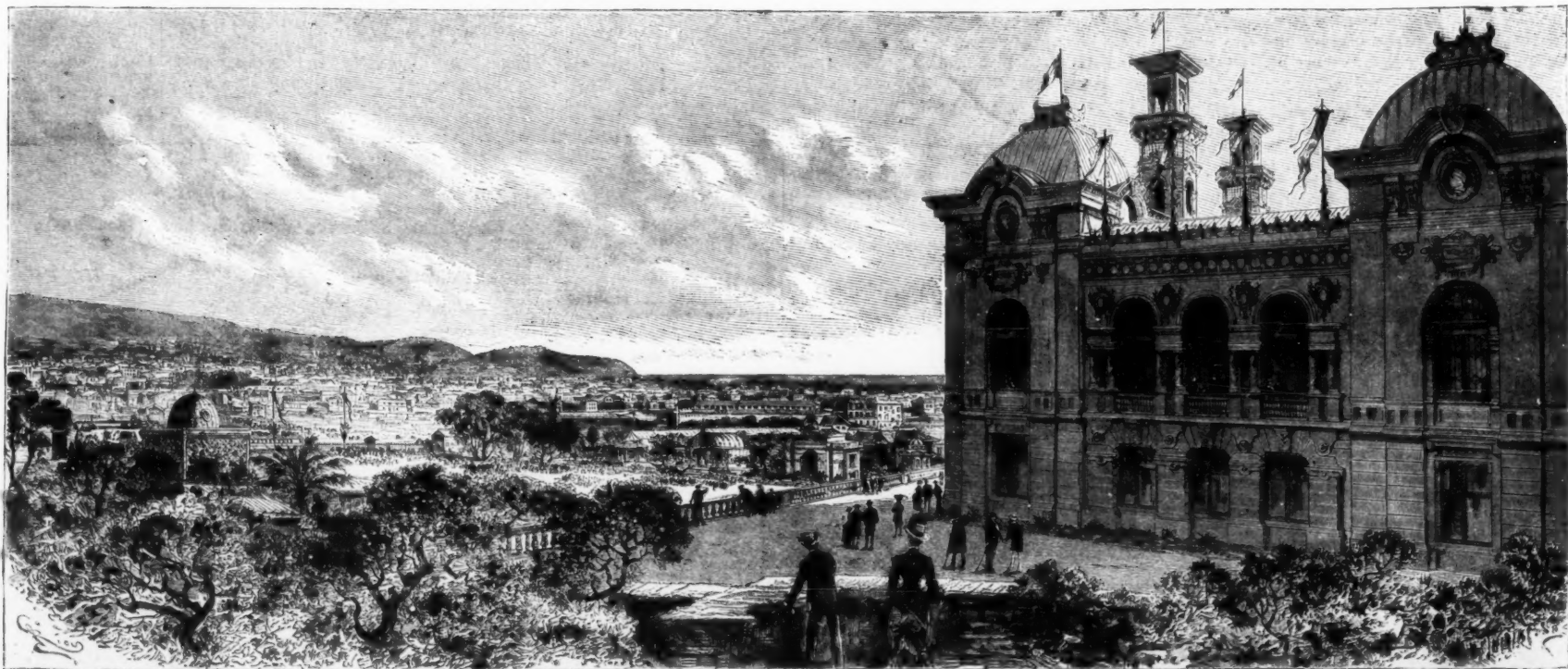
PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF HESSE-DARMSTADT AND HER FIANCÉ, PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.



FRANCE.—THE STRIKE OF THE CAB-DRIVERS IN PARIS.



ITALY.—THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA AT VICTOR EMMANUEL'S GRAVE IN THE PANTHEON, ROME.



FRANCE.—THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT NICE—PALACE AND PARK OF THE EXPOSITION.

EXHIBITION OF FANCY FOWLS AND PETS.

THE Second Annual Exhibition of the New York Fanciers' Club, which opened at Madison Square Garden on the 23d instant, was in every sense a remarkable success. The exhibits included some 5,000 fowls of various kinds, fish, cats and pets of every sort and description—making up a display as unique as it was interesting. Ranged on the main floor of the Garden were long rows of coops and pens filled with crowing and cackling fowls, including light and dark Brahma fowls and chicks, part-ridge, buff, white and black Cochins, Plymouth

fantails, with blue and black tails. There was a very fine display of the fashionable Jacobins in all colors, and with the hoods of feathers sharply contrasting in color with the body plumage. The collection of owls, African, Chinese and English, was exceptionally fine, and the birds were, as a whole, of very high grade. The Turkish frilled pigeons, imported from Asia Minor, and the most delicate of all pigeons, attracted much attention from the fanciers, who know the difficulty of keeping them alive. In the aquatic division Rouen, colored Muscovy, Ayresbury and wood ducks were the feature. China, Embden and wild geese were also shown. In the miscellaneous divisions there were skylarks,

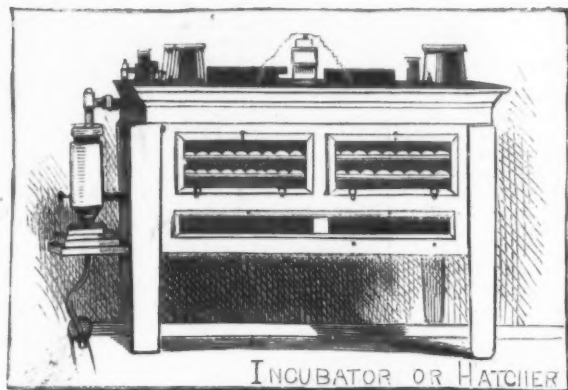
city. They are longer than the ordinary domestic cats, and in their general build more nearly resemble in appearance a panther. A dozen ferrets, exhibited by Mr. Isaacson, occupied a pen near the Madison Avenue entrance to the Garden. During the continuance of the show rats were turned into the pen daily in order to show curious people how the ferrets kill them. In the pen with the ferrets was a trained mongoose, an animal of much the same character as the ferret and equally as much disposed to make away with all rats who fall into its clutches.

In addition to the grown fish exhibited by Mr. Blackford, several bottles containing eggs in process

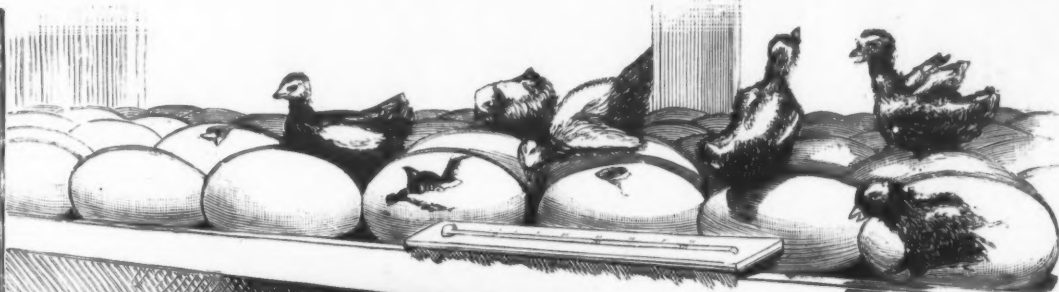
An interesting feature of the exhibition was the daily flights of carrier-pigeons from the Garden to points near the city.

THE RECENT DISASTER AT GAY HEAD.

SINCE the terrible disaster to the steamer *City of Columbus*, on the morning of the 18th inst., the feeling of horror and gloom which has prevailed along the Massachusetts coast has been intensified by lowering clouds and storms. Various steam-tugs and other craft in search of bodies drifting in the sea have cruised about the scene of the wreck,



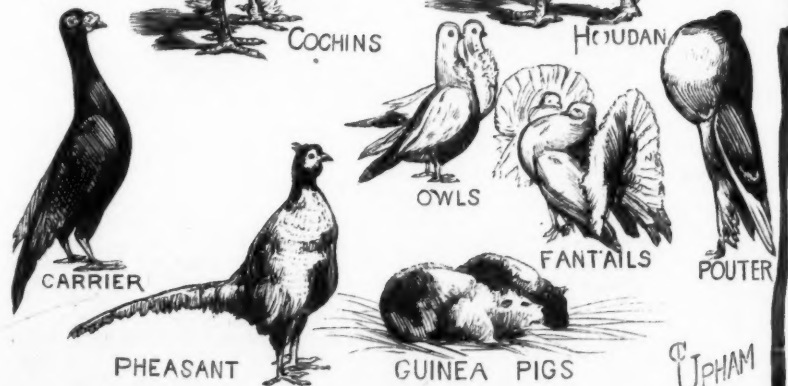
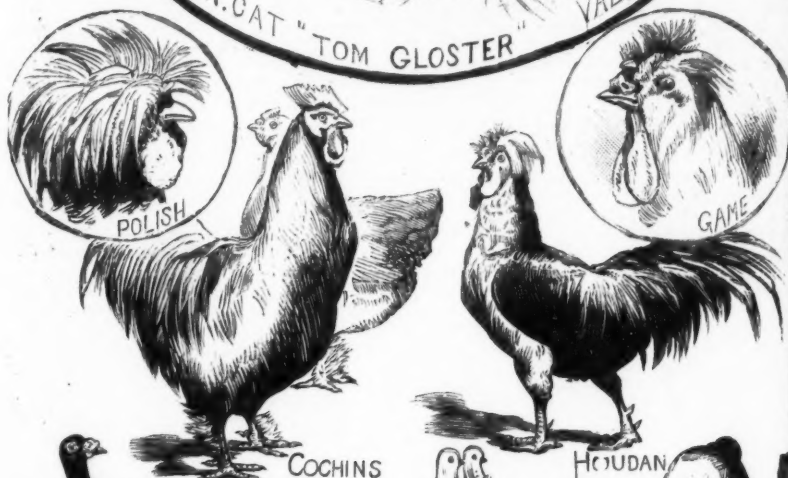
INCUBATOR OR HATCHER



ARTIFICIAL HATCHING



PERSIAN CAT "TOM GLOSTER" VALUE \$1,000



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW YORK FANCIERS' CLUB'S SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF POULTRY, PIGEONS AND PETS, AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, JANUARY 23D—30TH.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.

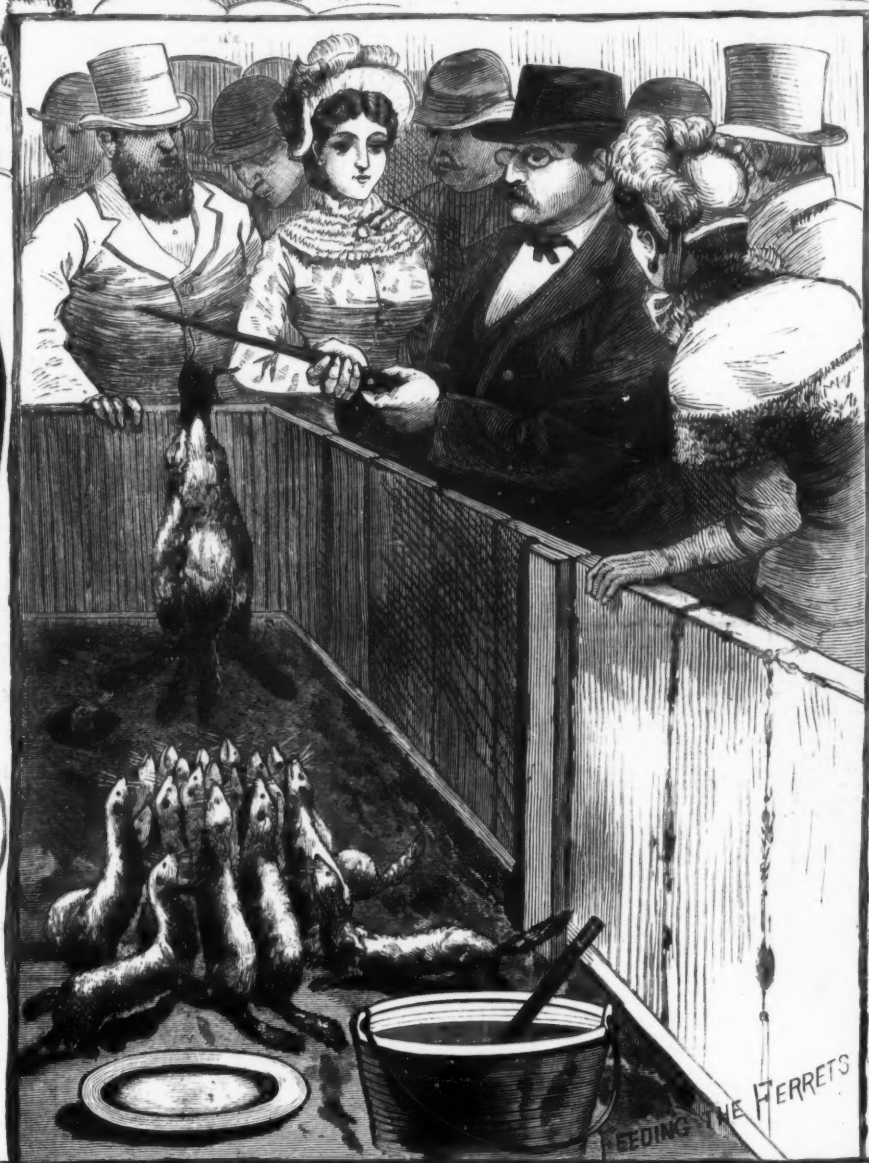
Rocks, Wyandottes, black Javas, Dominiques, Jersey blues, white, brown, black, rose-comb and Dominique Leghorns, Hamburgs, Andalusians, Polish, French Houdans, Dorkings, Sultans, Spanish, and other game fowls. The exhibition of pigeons was one of exceptional excellence and called forth many words of commendation from the fanciers. The pigeons occupied lines of coops in the centre of the Garden, and were neighbors of the fish exhibit made by Mr. E. G. Blackford. A novelty in the pigeon exhibit were the Isabel owls of a delicate cream-color, a strain bred by Mr. Bunting Hawkins, of Bordentown, N. J., and never before exhibited. The same gentleman also showed as a novelty white

goldfinches, bullfinches, mocking-birds, linnets, bobolinks, and other singing birds. Then came trained squirrels, guinea-pigs and rabbits.

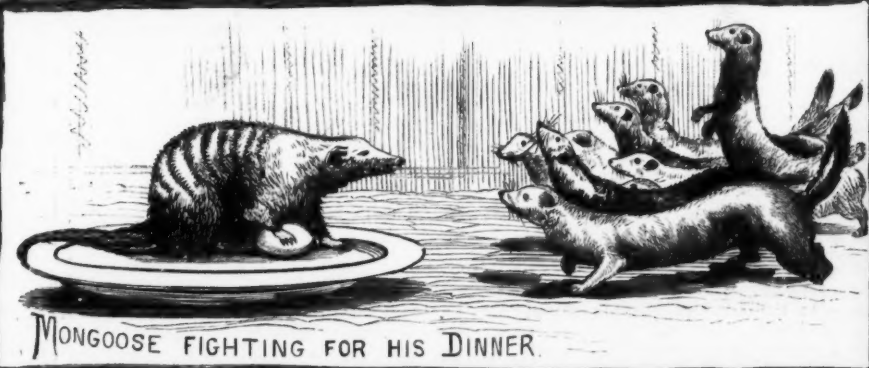
The display of pets included a score of cats, all of them large and heavy. Among them was one white cat, which was noticeable because one of its eyes is blue and the other yellow. Handsome Persian and Angora cats were shown by Mrs. Amelia Lucy, of this city, who also exhibited a Japanese cat, which was born in Japan, its parents being natives of the Malay Islands. One of these Persian cats, called Tom Gloster, is imported; it is nine months old, and is valued at \$1,000. Two white Siberian cats of perfect coats were shown by John Appell, of this

city. They are longer than the ordinary domestic cats, and in their general build more nearly resemble in appearance a panther. A dozen ferrets, exhibited by Mr. Isaacson, occupied a pen near the Madison Avenue entrance to the Garden. During the continuance of the show rats were turned into the pen daily in order to show curious people how the ferrets kill them. In the pen with the ferrets was a trained mongoose, an animal of much the same character as the ferret and equally as much disposed to make away with all rats who fall into its clutches. In addition to the grown fish exhibited by Mr. Blackford, several bottles containing eggs in process

but it was some days, owing to the heavy seas, before the dismantled wreck could be reached. In New Bedford for some days business was wellnigh suspended, and the place was filled with anxious people seeking intelligence of lost relatives and friends. The total death-list is now fixed at ninety-seven, and thus far not half that number of bodies have been recovered. A beach patrol has been organized, and the frozen corpses are slowly being picked up and identified at different points along the wild and dreary coast. The steam-tugs *Nellie* and *Storm King* brought in more than twenty bodies during the earlier part of last week. These presented a ghastly appearance, and



FEEDING THE FERRETS



MONGOOSE FIGHTING FOR HIS DINNER

their identification was a matter of great difficulty. They were frozen stiff, and covered with seaweed, sand and ice, all congealed together.

The wreck of the *City of Columbus* lies firmly planted on the sunken ledge, with her bow and masts above water, and there she may stay for weeks. It is not likely that any attempt will be made to raise the hull. She lies at an angle of forty-five degrees, tilted on one side, with decks all gone, and a great hole in her starboard side, through which the tide pours like a torrent. It is believed impossible that any bodies can remain within.

The stories of the survivors, describing the scene on board the doomed vessel immediately after she struck, present to the mind's eye a picture of intense horror and despair. When the captain abandoned his efforts to get the vessel off she had already settled so low that the sea began to break over her. Then every thought was turned to the means of saving life. Captain Wright rushed into the saloon cabin, where more than half the passengers, half awake, were trying to realize the cause of the alarm. The captain, sharply, but without excitement, bade everybody to keep cool, but to dress and put on their life-preservers. Even as he entered the saloon a wave followed him, and there was a terribly distressing scene, but the passengers seemed half paralyzed instead of frenzied in their terror. The women begged for help, but most of them obeyed the orders of the officers and calmer men in the saloon. Nearly every one present had on a life-preserver properly adjusted before going on deck. Nearly all had partly dressed before being driven from their staterooms and the cabins by the water. There were few exciting incidents at this stage of the catastrophe. The water filled the staterooms and cabin slowly, and there was the continual pounding of the vessel on the ledge, but the full extent of the danger was not realized. Within twenty minutes, however, all below decks became untenable, and then the real horrors began.

Just as the passengers reached the deck a tremendous sea struck the ship, and a great white mass of roaring water fell upon the stranded vessel. Sixty terror-stricken creatures stood upon the deck, seeking which way to turn in the darkness. A moment afterwards and they were gone. So sudden was it that not a shriek or a prayer came from the lips of any of the little company ere the great wave engulfed them. Every woman and child on board died at that moment. Those in the rigging and on the house had time only to clutch tighter their supports when this wall of water was upon them. There was no opportunity to assist the women and children to the rigging, where they would have been for a time safe. About sixty souls remained on board after this first stroke of death. The fate of more than half of these was still more terrible. Half a dozen succeeded, after great struggle, in launching a boat. They only got a few feet away from the ship when their craft capsized, and they, too, were drowned before the eyes of those remaining in the rigging. Seven more were clinging to a life-raft on board. The raft in some way went adrift, and with those on it floated off on the waves. They were never seen more. When daylight broke, the steward says, there were forty in the rigging. One by one they succumbed to the cold, until only a score were left, when, after eleven weary hours, the lifeboat was able to take them off.

Various and conflicting opinions regarding the responsibility of Captain Wright for the disaster are expressed by experts and seafaring people. Exactly how the *City of Columbus* came to strike the fatal rock will probably never be known, for every man and officer who was above decks when she struck had perished.

Gay Head is a bold promontory at the western extremity of the island of Martha's Vineyard, and on its cliffs stands the lighthouse. The ledges on which the *City of Columbus* struck are considered by mariners to be among the most dangerous points on all the coast. They consist of a formation of submerged rocks, constituting a double ledge, the outer strata of which is called the Devil's Back, and the two being called the Devil's Bridge. The ledges are northeast of Gay Head Light on the mainland, and extend a little to the southward of it. The outer ledge, or Devil's Back, is about an eighth of a mile from the mainland. On either side of the outer ledge is very deep water. The upper part of the ledge is formed like the gable of a house, so that a vessel striking it diagonally would naturally keel over on to her beams-ends. The course of vessels is around Gay Head to pass by the outer ledge on the south. The buoy marking the outside of the reef is distant about a quarter of a mile from the west end of the reef, not over three-quarters of a mile from shore.

One of our illustrations shows the steam tug *Storm King* lying at the Fall River steamer wharf at New Bedford, just as she had returned from Gay Head with the bodies of nine of the ill-fated passengers of the *City of Columbus*. The bodies were placed in the bow of the tug with a piece of sail-cloth thrown over them. When the tug reached the wharf the cloth was removed in order to give an opportunity for the identification of the bodies. The scene at this moment beggars description. The wharf was packed with people—some relatives and friends of the lost, and some drawn by curiosity—and the excitement was intense. No pencil could do full justice to the scene, but our artist has faithfully depicted its more salient features.

DOROTHY FORSTER.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "IN A GARDEN FAIR," "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN.

CHAPTER V.—MR. ANTHONY HILYARD.

WHEN Mr. Anthony Hilyard first came to us as tutor to my brothers, he was a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two, not long from Oxford. He brought with him letters recommending him, in which his learning was greatly commended, and was sent to us by Mr. Ferdinando Forster, who heard of him through some Parliament friend as a young man desirous of entering a gentleman's family as tutor, in the hope of becoming chaplain, and perhaps rising in the Church. Although a young man of great accomplishments and vast knowledge, he left his university without obtaining a degree, which was strange, if any one had thought of inquiring into the cause; as for so learned a scholar coming to take a tutor's place in a gentleman's house, that was nothing, because he was only the son of a vintner, and born in a place called Barbican, London. Such a place of honorable service, especially when the master is so easy a gentleman as my father, is one which all young men of his birth and parts should desire. Mr. Hilyard could write and speak both the French and Italian tongues, he was, besides, familiar with Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Chaldean; he was skilled in many branches of the mathematics; he could play on the spinet with great ease and dexterity; he was an excellent geographer, and could discourse for hours upon a *mappa mundi*, or chart of the world; he could tell the stars

and their courses; he could converse with intelligence and to the edification of his hearers on almost any subject, being equally at home in Peru and in London; knowing the Hottentots and Japanese as well as he knew the London Scowlers; and even in matters connected with agriculture or housewifery he could talk learnedly, being familiar with the practice of the ancient Romans both in their houses and on their farms. In a word, no knowledge came amiss to him: he despised nothing. And what he learned he never forgot. I do not exhaust his accomplishments when I add that he was skillful in the art of fencing, and that here he found Tom an excellent pupil.

It was impossible for any young man to be more grave, and even solemn, in his bearing and conversation; when Mr. Forster invited him to drink with his friends, which he sometimes did, he was seldom greatly overcome with liquor, and even at his worst preserved his gravity; he displayed none of the disposition to levity, gallantry, profane talk and impious scoffing which is manifested by so many young men of the present day; no woman's reputation suffered by any act or word of his; no Bishop could have been more blameless in his daily life.

Conduct so blameless, gravity so singular, wisdom so remarkable, never before seen in a man so young, could not fail to command, before long, the confidence of all. Mr. Forster intrusted his most private affairs to the counsel of Mr. Hilyard; Madam carried her complaints to him as to one who would find redress; his pupil, who loved not books, obeyed him, was ashamed out of his rusticity, and was kept by him from those follies by which young gentlemen in the country too often suffer in reputation and imperil their souls. As for myself, he took from the earliest the kindest interest in my welfare, and taught me many things which I should never have learnt but for him, especially to read and talk the French, and to play on the spinet.

This preamble makes what follows the more astonishing. One evening—it was in August, and only a few weeks before Tom came of age—while I was walking in the garden of the Manor House, the sun being already set, Tom came running and calling me.

"Come, sister," he cried; "come, Doll, quick. There is something worth looking at, I assure you."

He took my hand, and we ran into the village street, which was generally quiet enough at this time, but this evening there was a great noise of singing and laughing, and the playing of a fiddle. It came from the inn.

"There is the rarest sport," said Tom. "A company of players are at the inn, on their way from Alnwick to Berwick. Who do you think is with them? Mr. Hilyard!"

"Mr. Hilyard with the players?"

"No other. Ho! ho! Laughing and drinking and playing. Yes; you may open your eyes, Doll, but there he is. No other than Mr. Hilyard! You never saw the like! Now, see; if he knows we are watching him he will stop. We can go to the back of the house, and so in at the kitchen-door. Hush! Follow me, and don't speak or laugh."

We went on tiptoe into the kitchen of the inn, where the landlady was sitting. She held up her finger, screwed her mouth, nodded her head, and laughed, indicating by these gestures that something out of the common was going forward. She then gently opened the door which led into the best room—where the company consisted of about a dozen—men and women, of various ages. They were not gentlemen, yet they had an air very different from that of the country people. They were poorly dressed, yet had odds and ends of finery, one of the men wearing a scarlet coat, and laced hat planted sideways on his great wig and cocked like an officer; another with tattered lace ruffles; a third with a ragged coat of druggist, and yet a fine flowered waistcoat. As for the women, there were five, of whom one was old, two others middle aged, two young. One of the last was pretty, after a bold and impudent fashion, having great eyes, which she rolled about, and large, comely arms. She was dressed very finely, as if she was about to mount the stage, with a silk petticoat (but soiled) and satin frock looped up, and she wore a low combed upon her head. A bright fire was burning, though the night was not cold; a pair of candles were lighted; on the table, which was pushed into a corner, stood a bowl of steaming hot punch, and on the floor, prancing about by himself, with a thousand tricks of face and twistings of his body was—oh, wonder of wonders, and who could have believed it?—no other than Mr. Anthony Hilyard.

"See him!" whispered Tom. "Oh, the pious and religious man!"

Indeed, I scarcely recognized him, so changed he was. Why, he had given, somehow, a martial air to his wig; his face was twice as long as usual; his eye was stern; he wore the air of a commander-in-chief; he carried his left hand upon his hip and one who is a marshal or prince at the head of his army. And he was at least six inches taller. How a man can change at will his face, his stature, and his appearance, passeth my understanding.

He beckoned to the actress who wore the silk petticoat, and she laughed, sprang to her feet, and—can such things be possible?—she, too, became all in a moment changed, and became at once a great lady—a princess or countess, at least. Why—a moment before she was a common stroller of the company, and now—

"Pretty Bracegirdle herself—the fair, the chase *Celinda*—could not look the part better," said Mr. Hilyard. "Now, frail *Calista*, for the lines." Then they began to recite verses, walking up and down with strange gestures and great vehemence, she sometimes sweeping across the floor as if she had whole yards of train behind her—he, as if clutching at a sword.

It was the scene in the "Fair Penitent" in which the unworthy *Calista* receives the vows of *Altamont*.

"He is not drunk, Tom," I whispered, wondering; because at first I thought that must be Mr. Hilyard's condition. "It is beautiful. But what are they doing?"

"That is play-acting, simpleton. Look at him now!"

They had stopped, and gone on to another scene. Mr. Hilyard was now another character; his face expressed mingled emotions of scorn, pity and sternness, while the actress declaimed the well-known lines beginning:

"Is this the famous friend of Altamont?"

After which came his turn, and he spoke like one who carries fate in his hand:

"Alas! This rage is vain; for if your fame Or peace be worth your care, you must be calm And listen to the means are left to save 'em."

Well, when they finished, there was a great shouting of applause and a swearing, with needless imprecations, that Wilks himself could not have played the part better, to which Mr. Hilyard replied, without any show or pretense of modesty, that indeed they were quite right, and that at Oxford he was always understood to be a great deal better actor than even that tragedian.

He then hoped the punch was to their liking, and begged them to fill their glasses again, which they very willingly did.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I will now give you another taste of my quality. You shall see that we scholars of Oxford are not without parts."

He thereupon took off his full wig, and borrowed a worn bobtail from the oldest of the company, who was sitting by the fire, tossing his toes and drinking his punch without taking any interest in what was doing. He might have been the father of the troop, and, I believe, was the father of some of them. Mr. Hilyard, then, borrowing his wig, put it on his own head; and, to be sure, a most ludicrous appearance he did present. Never did one imagine that a change of wig could make so great a difference in a man's appearance. His face became short again; his mouth was set askance; and he seemed laughing with his very eyes.

"Why," whispered Tom, "whoever thought he could laugh at all? He has been with us five years, and never a smile till now!"

As the red firelight fell upon his face it seemed brimful of mirth, joy and merriment, as if he could never do anything but laugh. His eyes swam with cheerfulness; there was no such thing as care in the whole world, one would have thought. Yet the same face that I knew so well, although now I seemed never to have known it before.

The actors looked at him with admiration. Not one of them could twist and turn his face so well. As for me, it was not admiration, but amazement.

Next, Mr. Hilyard, still with this face of smiles, turned a chair down, and sat upon it as if upon a saddle. Then he folded his arms, and delivered an oration in verse, at which everybody laughed loud and long. When the speaker had finished, they all protested, with profane oaths, that Will Pinkiman himself had never given that epilogue better.

"Gentleman," said Mr. Hilyard, "an evening like this does one good. Believe me, I have never sung a single song, or played a single piece, for five years. In the North a man of my parts is truly wasted and thrown away."

He then called for another bowl of punch to be got ready against the other's giving out, and, taking up a fiddle which belonged to one of the company, he struck a chord or two, and began to play very sweetly. First he played the tune of "May Fair," then of "Cheshire Rounds," then "Ye Lasses and Lads," and lastly he played "The Countryman's Delight." After which he laid down the bow and looked about for applause, which came in thunders.

"Why," whispered Tom, "I thought he could play none but Psalm tunes on the spinet."

This done, just, I suppose, to show the players another of his accomplishments, he gave back the fiddle to its owner, and requested him to play an air which he named, and, I suppose, was very well known, to which he said he would sing a little song of his own composition.

"Lord!" Tom murmured, "he is going to sing next!"

He did sing, having a very sweet, melodious and powerful voice, not slurring his words as some singers use, for the sake of harmonizing the tune, nor forgetting his tune in order to give more emphasis to his words, as is the way with others.

Now I was not so young or so ignorant but I could plainly see that whether Mr. Hilyard acted or sang well or ill, the company were fooling him for the sake of his punch. Also that they looked on with approval while the girl with the soiled silk petticoat and the large eyes plied their entertainer with praise, and kept filling his glass between the performances. After the song she said that she would like nothing so much as to rehearse with him a scene from the "Mourning Bride," that she had all her life been looking for some gentleman, not a common actor, but a gentleman (here the men grinned) who could not only give the lines with fire, but also look the part, and be as handsome in his person and courtly in his manner as Mr. Hilyard (here he stroked his chin and wagged his head and smiled). But, she said, taking out her handkerchief and weeping, unluckily, as all her friends present knew well, she could not afford a dress becoming to the part, and even had to play queens and chambermaids in the same frock, so unhappy she was. The other women murmured, "Poor thing! And Gospel truth! and the Lord knows! But a kind gentleman!" The men took more whisky-punch, and Mr. Hilyard, now a little flushed with praise and

punch combined, and the girl's eyes, which were kept fixed upon him (so the cunning snake charms the silly coney), and her wheedling voice—for she had a very soft and winning voice—began to shed tears, too, out of compassion, and lugging out his purse, swore—could one believe that he should ever swear?—that she should make such an appearance on the stage as would show off her face and figure to the best advantage, and gave her two or three guineas out of his purse. She fell on her knees, calling him her preserver and her patron. The other women held up their hands, crying, "Oh! the generous gentleman! And Heaven, surely, had its choicest blessings for one of so good a heart." But the men took more punch.

Then Mr. Hilyard raised the cunning jade (who I could see very well was only pretending) and lifted her on his own knee, and began to kiss her, the other women murmuring that an honest girl might let the gentleman have so much liberty in return for his goodness.

"Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!" murmured Tom. "This after what he told me only yesterday!"

The men tipped the wink to each other, and drank more punch. Then, as Mr. Hilyard showed no sign of any more acting, one of them, putting down his glass, began to sing a song, at which the women stopped their ears, and the men began to laugh, and Tom dragged away his sister. And so an end of the most wonderful evening ever seen.

"Now," cried Tom, "what do you think of Mr. Hilyard, Dorothy?"

"Truly, Tom," I replied, "I know not what to think or to say."

"Nor I. Well, he has fooled us all; but we have found him out. Why, if he had only told me before what he could do, what evenings should we have had in this dull old house! After all, there are only a few weeks to wait. Dorothy, breathe not a word to my father or to Jack."

Amazed, indeed, I was that Mr. Hilyard, of all men, should perform these antics! As well expect the Bishop of Durham, Lord Crewe himself, that venerable Father of the Church, to stand up for the Cobbler's Dance, or the Vicar of Bamfborough, a divine of great gravity, to grin through a horse collar!

"In the morning," said Tom, who seemed as much delighted at the discovery as I was amazed and grieved (for surely it is sad to find folly in a wise man's mouth. Oh, how often had he admonished us both out of Solomon's Proverbs!) "in the morning you shall see me smoke old Sobersides."

Well, in the morning, when I expected the poor man to appear crestfallen and full of shame, Mr. Hilyard came down exactly the same to look upon as usual, save that he seemed thirsty. To be sure, he knew not that he had been seen. Yet surely he must have remembered the foolishness of the night.

"I have heard, sir," said Tom, presently, looking as meek as a sheep, "that a company of players passed through the town last night."

Mr. Hilyard replied that a report to that effect had also reached his ears. He then proceeded to pronounce an eulogium on the art of acting, which, he said, was in his opinion second only to the divine gifts of poetry and music; that a man who was able to act should behave with modest gratitude for the possession of so great a quality; and he proceeded to give examples to prove the greatness of actors.

"Have you yourself, sir," asked Tom, "witnessed the performance of a play in London?"

"It hath been my good fortune on many occasions," replied his tutor, "to see the play both at Drury Lane and the Haymarket. Perhaps I may be permitted to witness that divine performance again before I die."

"The best tragic actor is said to be Mr. Wilks, is he not?" asked Tom, while Dorothy blushed purple.

"Mr. Wilks hath certainly a great name," replied Mr. Hilyard; "though I knew not you had heard of these things, Tom."

"And in comic parts one Will Pinkiman, I have been told," said Tom, "is considered the best."

"He certainly is," replied Mr. Hilyard, with some surprise. "Who hath told you of Will Pinkiman?"

"Could you, sir, give us any example or imitation of this ingenious man? One would like to know how Will Pinkiman, for instance, pronounced the comical epilogue seated on an ass, on which he had placed his wig."

Mr. Hilyard, somewhat disconcerted, changed color, and drank off a pint or so of the small ale with which he made his breakfast. Then he hemmed solemnly, and replied, gravely, "Such an imitation is not, indeed, beyond my powers. And I perceive, Tom, that thou hast heard something of yesterday evening, when I entertained those poor but virtuous and ingenious people who passed the night at the inn. The art of acting was not included in the subjects which your father and Lady Crewe considered necessary for a gentleman. Therefore, I have abstained from ever speaking of it."

He then, with so much gravity that one could not but remember the merry face of last night, proceeded to discourse upon the genius for impersonating any character, and actually depicted before us, without leaving his chair, and simply by changing the expression of his face, and by various gestures of his hands, the emotions of pity, terror, awe, expectancy, resignation, wrath, revenge, submission, love, jealousy and suspicion, and all so naturally, and with so much dignity, that we were awed, and when we expected to laugh, or to make the poor man ashamed, we were made ashamed ourselves.

"Who would think," said Tom, when he had concluded, and left us gaping at each other—"who would think that yesterday evening he was hugging and kissing the actress?"

Now this event happened a very short time

before Tom came of age. He spoke no more about it to me, nor did Mr. Hilyard again discontinue of acting. It was not till a week before his birthday that Tom opened upon the subject again.

"Dorothy," he said, "I have been thinking that for Mr. Hilyard to go away, when he hath become so useful to all of us, would be a great pity."

"Why should Mr. Hilyard leave us, Tom?" "Why, silly, a man needs no tutor or guardian when he is twenty-one years of age. As for you, we shall live together; but you will miss him more than I, especially when I am away with my friends."

"Oh, Tom, who will—" But here I stopped, because there were so many things that Mr. Hilyard did for us that I could not tell which to begin with.

"Who will keep the accounts—look after the cellar, the stables, and the dogs, make my flies, read books with you, talk about the Romans, spout poetry, and—what, Dorothy?"

"Sing songs and play the fiddle, Tom?" I asked, timidly, because I had never dared to ask Mr. Hilyard to repeat that pretty performance.

"And act like Will Finkman, and keep a whole room full of men in a continual laugh—who, Dorothy?"

"Why, no one, Tom."

"Now, listen, child; I have a plan, and I will tell thee what it is. He shall be my secretary or clerk, the steward of my affairs; he shall keep my books for me and deal with my tenants. As for me, I shall ride, shoot, fish and entertain my friends; in the evening, Mr. Hilyard shall have as much drink as he likes and shall sing, play and act for the amusement of my company. I will give him, besides his meat and drink, five-and-thirty pounds a year in money."

On the twenty-first birthday there were rejoicings and a great feast held. Strange to see how Tom (who had, to be sure, been longing eagerly for this day) stepped into his place, no longer a minor, but now one of the gentlemen of the county. His head had been shaved, and he wore for the first time, but rather awkwardly, a beautiful full wig, the curls of which, hanging over his shoulders, greatly set forth the natural beauty of his features, and lent dignity to his appearance. He was also dressed in a purple coat with crimson lining, a white silk waistcoat, and scarlet leather shoes with gold buckles (they had belonged to Mr. Ferdinand), and he wore, for the first time, a sword. "Now, Dorothy," he said, complacently, "I feel I am a man at last. Remember what I said about Mr. Hilyard."

Among those who offered their congratulations was the tutor; but he wore a sad, downcast countenance, because he looked for nothing less than to be sent away, his business being at last accomplished, and his pupil now of age.

He laid down his office, he said, with as much regret as Seneca, once tutor to the Emperor Nero. "But," he added, "my own worth falls as far short of that philosopher as my pupil's character surpasses that of Nero. Wherefore, in parting from so generous a patron, I have no other consolation than the recollection of faithful service in the cultivation of so fruitful a soil as the brain of Mr. Forster, and the hope of letters recommendatory which may obtain for me other adequately suitable employment."

"Truly, suitable," said Tom, laughing, Mr. Hilyard blushing, but the rest wondered. "As for parting," Tom went on, "there go two to make a parting. Why not stay with me?"

The poor tutor, whose face had been growing longer day by day for two months, shook his head.

"My occupation," he said, "is gone."

"As for occupation," Tom replied, "what say you to board and lodging, as much wine and punch as you can hold whenever there is company, and five-and-thirty pounds a year?"

"But the duties—the work—"

"Why—that is the work, to eat and drink and make merry."

"Mr. Hilyard to eat and drink and make merry?" cried Madam. "Make merry? He?"

"Why," said Tom, "that is what we are asking him to do. He will be strange to it at first, I fear. But I warrant you, give him but a month, and you shall see a change indeed."

"Is it possible, Mr. Hilyard?" asked my father. "Ho! ho! I believe no more in grave faces. This is indeed a hiding of lights beneath a bushel." For the tutor hung his head and looked foolish.

"If you want any other occupation," Tom continued, "there are accounts to keep, tenants to reprove, my sister Dorothy to amuse, and, in fact, all the things you have done for the last five years."

"Your honor means this seriously?" asked Mr. Hilyard.

"Certainly I do."

"Then, sir"—his face lightened, and he looks round him with a cheerful smile—"I accept your generous offer gratefully. I confess that the position and work of a tutor have ever been distasteful to me, and I have only hidden those small accomplishments of mine because I feared they would be considered inconsistent with an almost sacred calling."

"Why, then, there is no more to say," cried Tom, "except to shake hands upon it."

"Yet there is one condition," Mr. Hilyard said, with a look, sideways, at myself, of which I afterwards thought with a kind of pity. "A faithful steward wants the whole day for the management of your honor's business and the occasions and services of Miss Dorothy. I would, with submission, ask that I be only invited to lay aside those duties in the evening, when I shall be always pleased to place my poor talents, such as they are, at the service of your honor and your friends."

"My hand on't," said Tom, heartily. "and so, honest Tony"—he called him Tony on that day and ever afterwards. Yet hitherto he had never spoken to him except bareheaded as to

a parent or superior, and called him always "Sir." So quickly does a young man change when he comes to his twenty-first year. "So, honest Tony, thou prince of brave toppers, stay with me. Read your books with Missy all the day, but, by gad, all night you shall sing and drink your fill with the best company in the county."

"Are we dreaming?" cried Madam.

END OF PART FOUR.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Petroleum Wells in South Russia.

The petroleum discoveries near Baku, in the Trans-Caucasian provinces of South Russia, have created a great sensation, and it is by no means impossible that the abundance of the oil may effectually close the markets to the American product. It is conveyed by steamer up the Volga, and supplied to every part of Russia. The new railway from Baku to Batum on the Black Sea is supplied with hundreds of oil tanks, to supply the commerce of Turkey and the Mediterranean. It is contemplated to construct a pipe of the length of five hundred miles, after the manner of those in this country, by which a continuous stream of this valuable liquid may be kept in motion from the Caspian to the Black Sea. So impetuous is the discharge that, when a well is opened, for the first four or five days the liquid is thrown up into the air to the height of forty feet, and a photographic view of this phenomenon is presented to our readers. The quality of the oil has been tested by scientific men, and it is said to be equal, if not to exceed, the quality of any other petroleum wells, but in quantity it appears to exceed the united stock of the whole world, for the wells are found on both sides of the Caspian Sea, and on both sides of the Caucasian range. One of the striking results of this abundance of petroleum in this out-of-the-way place is that a vast city has sprung up on the Caspian, and that the sea is covered with steamers, not at the expense of the state, but for purely commercial purposes. But a fleet constructed for commerce can be utilized for military purposes when occasion offers. The Russian Government is able with the supply of oil steamers to transport ten thousand men in one night to Michalovsk, in the Trans-Caspian provinces, and within a fortnight they would be at Herat, in Afghanistan, before even the tidings of their departure had reached England.

The Cab-drivers' Strike.

The drivers of the cabs and coaches belonging to the Urbaine Company, in Paris, having struck for less hours and higher wages, met on the 1st of January, to the number of five hundred, at Chayne Hall, when they passed a series of resolutions, delegates being appointed to bring the resolutions before the Administration. A single cab only of the company essayed to ply for hire, protected by the police, when it was compelled to return to the yard owing to the violence of the strikers. On the 3d of January another of the cabs was sent forth as a test case, but was met with the same lawless violence. The strikers appeared to be very determined, and meetings were announced in different portions of the city for the purpose of agitating their claims, but they were finally compelled to abandon the struggle.

Queen Victoria's Granddaughter and her Betrothed.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has the reputation of being, like many other English mothers, an eager match-maker. She has found husbands and wives for all her children, except in the case of the youngest, Princess Beatrice, and for some years she has been endeavoring to do the same for her grandchildren. It is no secret that the marriage of Prince William of Hohenzollern to a Princess of the house of Schleswig-Holstein was brought about by Her Majesty's personal influence, in opposition to the wishes of the parents of the bridegroom, the Prince and Princess of Germany. The betrothal of Prince Louis of Battenberg to the Princess Victoria Elizabeth Matilda Alberta Mary of Hesse, daughter of Princess Alice and the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, made in June last, is allowed also to be of the Queen's doing. Princess Elizabeth was born at Windsor, April 25th, 1863, and is therefore twenty-one years of age, and nine years younger than Prince Louis, to whom she is to be married, this month, in Germany. The mother of the Princess is said—how truly we do not know—to have been the favorite daughter of the Queen. Prince Louis, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Battenberg, is a German, and is accordingly cousin-german to his betrothed. He was born May 24th, 1854, and at an early age entered a Hessian regiment of the German army, of which he became captain, and later was given a lieutenantancy in the British Navy. After his betrothal to his cousin, Princess Elizabeth, the Queen appointed him to the very desirable berth of Lieutenant on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. Prince Louis is an artist of very considerable ability, but, like many of his German cousins, is poor; and as the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse will not bring him a large dowry, rumor says that Her Majesty will make provision for the young couple. Prince Louis has in contemplation, it is said, the purchase of an estate in the south of England, the money for which is to be furnished by the Queen. The young couple, it is intended, will live in England and have rooms in Kensington Palace for a residence.

The German Crown Prince in Rome.

One of the most interesting episodes in the visit of Germany's Crown Prince to Rome was the "paying of homage" at the tomb in the Pantheon wherein repose the ashes of "Il Re Galantuomo," Victor Emmanuel. The Crown Prince, accompanied by the King and Queen of Italy, arrived at the Pantheon at noon, and as etiquette demands that but one person at a time shall stand in front of the memorial wreaths placed over the monument to the late King, the Crown Prince was left alone in communion with the dead. Both warriors, both hard fighters: one, with the throne of a great nation awaiting him in the near future—the other, a throne vacated for all time, the Crown Prince's thoughts, during the five minutes he remained absorbed, must have been both sad and strange and wondering. So long did His Highness stand at the tomb that the courtiers were almost in consternation.

The Exposition at Nice.

The imaginary invalids who have repaired to Nice, there to dream away the winter in tropical warmth and perfume and indolence, are happy in the possession of an international Exposition for which a handsome and spacious building has been especially erected. In the park attached to the Exposition kiosks and pavilions have been put up by the coast towns of the Mediterranean—Cannes, St. Raphael, Menton, Valais, Monaco, etc. From the terrace of the main building can be seen a panorama of unsurpassed beauty, Nice in the lap of Mount Borneo, bathed in sunshine, the sea and sky mingling in the keenest and most exquisite blue. The Exposition Building will be a permanent one, and is after the designs of M. Salis. The principal hall is of considerable dimensions and admirably calculated for showing off the exhibits, while various annexes are utilized for articles of lesser delicacy and lesser interest. The visitors to the Exposition, however, spend but little time in the building, for the park, with its orange and palm and myrtle trees, wooded by the balmy zephyrs, proves much more attractive.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Old Putty can be removed without injury to the ash or glass by passing a hot soldering iron over it. The heat of the iron softens it readily, and permits removal with a knife or chisel without much trouble.

The London *Telegraph* thinks the time is not far distant when every nightfarer will carry his own ray or electricity about him, inclosed within the compass of a machine not larger than the watch now ticking in his pocket.

Dr. Rasori treats neuralgia in a novel way. He applies a tuning fork, while vibrating, over the course of the painful nerve. The sitting usually lasts half an hour, and the patient is generally relieved without further treatment.

M. Barthelemy Brunow, a French metallurgist, is credited with the discovery of a reducing substance which so wonderfully promotes the liquefaction of iron ore that he has been enabled to reduce the ore to pig metal in the short space of fourteen minutes.

In the stores of Paris glass is taking the place of wood for flooring. It costs more than wood, but it lasts longer, and, besides being easily kept clean, allows enough light to be transmitted through its roughened surface for the employes to work by in the floor below. The glass is cast in squares and set in strong iron frames.

A correspondent of the London *Electrician* gives the following as an instant remedy for toothache: With a small piece of zinc and a bit of silver (any silver coin will do), the zinc placed on one side of the afflicted gum and the silver on the other, by bringing the edges together, the small current of electricity generated immediately and painlessly stops the toothache.

To Make a Bronze that shall be as elastic as copper from one to two per cent. of mercury must be added to it, according to the degree of malleability desired. The mercury may be combined with one of the metals of which the bronze is made before making the alloy, or introduced to the melted mass that already contains the different metals in the proper proportions.

According to the *Union Medicale* the construction of a medical library on an unprecedented scale of magnitude is contemplated for the Ecole de Medicine, Paris. It is proposed to add to the present library all existing publications relating to medicine, and all which shall be hereafter published. To accommodate existing works alone the library will have to be enlarged to eight times its present size. The object of this great enterprise is to make Paris the headquarters for the world on medical subjects, and to attract students, scholars and scientists to the city.

The manufacture of majolica wares is likely to become one of the principal industries of Zanesville, Ohio. The manufacture, which was started only eight months ago by Mr. John Holman, has already grown to large dimensions, and owing to the beauty and cheapness of the wares, of which there are over forty-five different designs, the demand is constantly increasing, making an enlargement of the facilities of production imperatively necessary. The merit of the wares is shown by the fact that they received the highest award, a gold medal, at the late Industrial Exhibition in Cincinnati, where they came in competition with exhibits of foreign manufacture of acknowledged excellence.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub on a large iron pot partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and, heating the chips, generates oil and camphor. Of course, the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs, and is ready for the market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

The American Society of Civil Engineers, at its annual meeting last week, adopted a report declaring that the next step in time reform is to abandon the division of the day into halves of twelve hours each, and to adopt a single series of hours numbered from one to twenty-four. The report says: "The committee is aware that there is a practical difficulty to be met in any attempt to bring the twenty-four hour division of the day into common use. The necessity of adapting existing clocks and watches to the proposed change is apparently serious, but it has been found easy to overcome at an insignificant cost. Judging from the emphatic opinions received with regard to the division of the day into a single series of twenty-four hours, the committee are justified in inferring that, with the practical difficulty overcome, the railway authorities and the great mass of the people will cordially welcome the change so soon as its advantages are pointed out and properly appreciated."

Facts of Interest.

THREE paupers' bodies were sold recently at public auction in Cape Girardeau County, Mo.

THERE were 10,046 marriages, 986 divorce suits and 650 divorces in Chicago last year.

THE Grand Army of the Republic has now on its rolls a quarter of a million members in good standing.

"CIVILIZATION, on her luminous wings, soars in the direction of Reno, Nev.," says the *Sacramento Bee*. "The squaws in that vicinity have taken to using face-powder."

STATISTICS show that Iowa has more money invested in private banks than Minnesota, Wisconsin, Dakota and Montana combined, having 321 banks of this description, and \$4,000,000 of capital, with deposits of \$14,580,125.

THE ship canal between the Baltic Sea and the German Ocean will, it is estimated, save a journey of six hundred miles for a vessel making a trip between either of those waters, as the circumnavigation of the peninsula of Jutland will be unnecessary. In all, the proposed canal will be only some fifty miles—or about half that of the Suez Canal—extending from Gluckstadt to Kiel.

MISS HOGARTH, the surviving executrix of Charles Dickens, has taken measures to prevent the publication in England of Dickens's letters to his solicitor. Miss Hogarth says that Mr. Dickens never intended that those letters should be published. They were preserved by the solicitor as curiosities, and were bound in an album with other Dickens memorials. They were sold by the solicitor's executors with the rest of his library, they having no knowledge of their contents.

STRONG rays of light are day by day eating out more and more of the ink in the original parchment draft of the Declaration of Independence, which is kept in a glass case in the State Department's library. Few of the names are now legible. Near the parchment is the original, on foolscap paper. The ink is as fresh as it was when it dropped from Jefferson's quill. The many erasures and interlineations by Franklin, John Adams, and others are still perfect as to color. The paper is yellow with age, and worn through where it has been folded.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Boston, has declined a call from the wealthy Bedford Avenue Reformed Church of Brooklyn.

It is reported that Miss Booth, Marshal of the Salvation Army, is about to marry a wealthy American, who is now in Paris completing his law studies.

THE New York Yacht Club have elected Editor James Gordon Bennett commodore. It is understood that he will run over with the *Namouna* to join in the Summer cruise.

THE Rev. Dr. Talmage celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Sunday, the 20th instant, by baptizing fifty converts after the manner of the Baptists. He claims that the members of his church number three thousand—the largest congregation in the country.

REV. JOHN SUN-DO-MOVE JASPER still preaches to large congregations in Richmond, and avows the idea that his usefulness and influence have been impaired by the efforts of his enemies to cause a rupture in his congregation. He says the membership of his church now numbers nearly two thousand.

THE Emperor of Japan has conferred upon General Horace Capron, of Washington, the Second Order of the Rising Sun, as a mark of his appreciation of the valuable services rendered by the latter to Japan, especially in the development of the resources of the Island of Yezo, the most northerly of the Japanese group.

VICE-PRESIDENT STEPHENS, of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Philadelphia, received on his sixty-second birthday, January 21st, a solid silver service of seventy-six pieces from the general and special agents of the company. More than half of Mr. Stephens's life has been spent in the service of the Penn Mutual, and under his management the insurance in force has increased from twenty to forty millions.

MR. BRADLAUGH, the locked-out member of Parliament from Northampton, has finally gained one victory in his struggle against English intolerance. A suit was brought against him a year or two ago, for having sat and voted in the House of Commons without having taken the legal oath; and he was sentenced to pay, as a penalty, £500. In turn Mr. Bradlaugh brought a suit for maintenance (aiding in an action to which one is not a party) against the man who had furnished the money to carry on the first legal proceedings against him; and this Mr. Bradlaugh has won.

MISS HELENE SEGER, the artist, whose recent work exhibited at the Lotus Club attracted general attention and complimentary notice from McEntee and several of our leading artists, has just completed the portrait of a well known young lady of Chicago. The work is in pastel, and is very cleverly handled. The flesh tints are admirable, and the girlish grace of the fair subject is charmingly conveyed. The background of the picture is exquisitely done, and the ensemble is altogether effective. Miss Seger's devotion to her art is making itself felt, and a brilliant career is opening before her.

MR. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has sent \$500 to Mayor Edison, of New York, in aid of the Peter Cooper memorial project. In a letter accompanying the check Mr. Childs submits the following as an inscription on the monument: "To Peter Cooper. Having obtained wealth by industry and enterprise, he remembered the lessons of early life, and in the broadest spirit of philanthropy devoted a large share of his fortune to the substantial betterment of his fellow workmen and their children."

"He was a man, take him for all in all; I shall not look upon his like again."

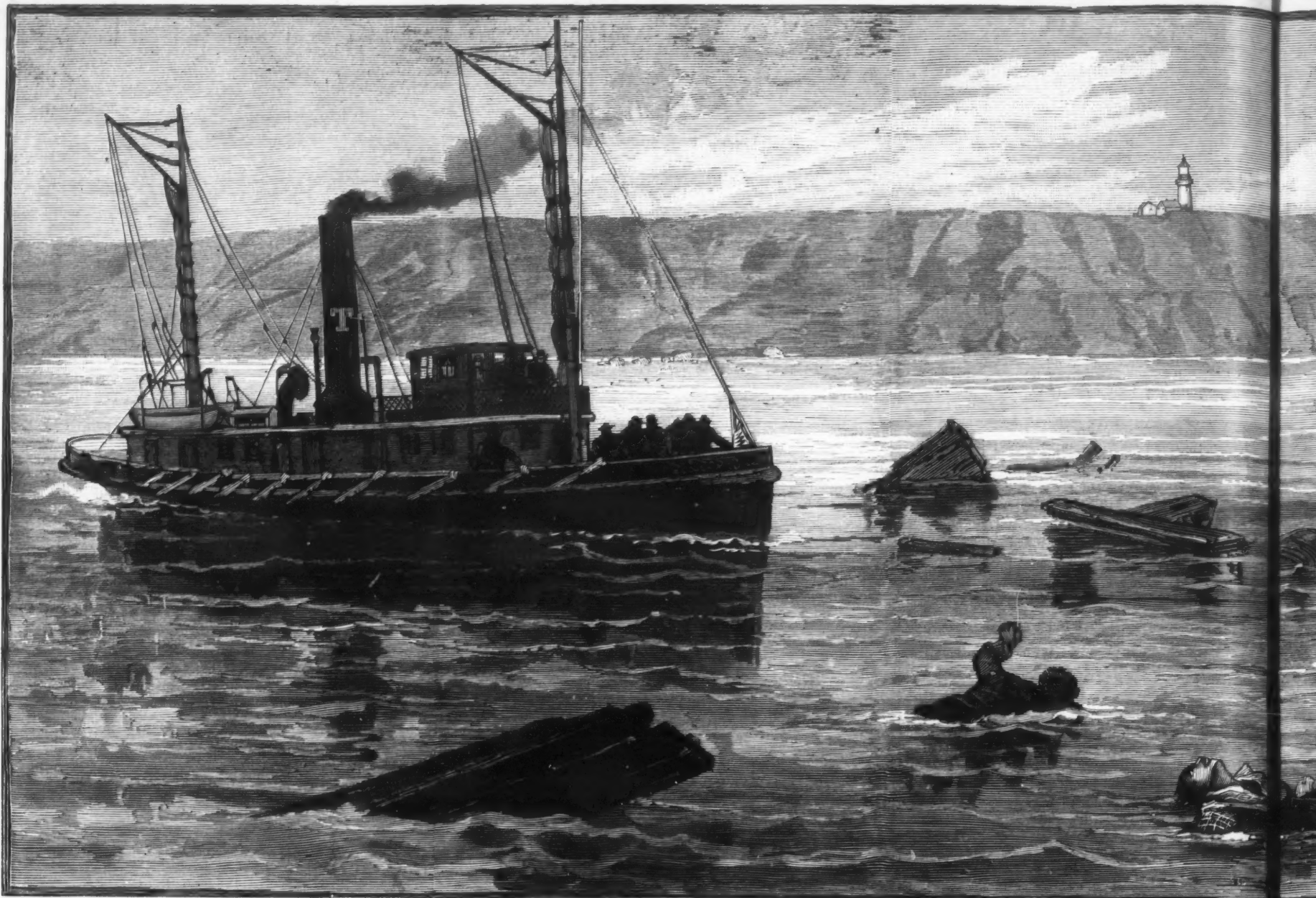
MR. MAHLON CHANCE, of Ohio, formerly Consul to Nassau, has been furnishing the *Kansas City Journal* a little information about ex-President Hayes: "He is a careful, prudent business man, and devotes the principal portion of his time to the management of the John F. Slater fund for the cause of education in the South. He is also interested in the promotion of tree-planting on the highways, and is the patron of all historical and agricultural matters. The Methodists of Fremont are at present erecting a church at a cost of \$18,000; Mr. Hayes contributes one-fourth of the sum, and will make good any amount which shall exceed this. He takes no part in politics, refuses to be interviewed, and attends strictly to his own business."

ACCORDING to English papers, the late Mr. Holloway, of patent medicine fame, gave in his lifetime large sums of money to charity, on the condition that the name of the donor should not be made known, and in his will he allows his executors, in their discretion, to continue some of these subscriptions. Last August he endowed a college for the education of women with the sum of \$1,500,000. Mr. Holloway left the whole of his fortune, except that set apart for charitable purposes, to a near relative. It is said by a leading dealer that Mr. Holloway paid no less than \$350,000 a year for several years in outbidding other buyers, and in adding to his gallery the most notable pictures that came before the habitués of Christie's auction rooms.

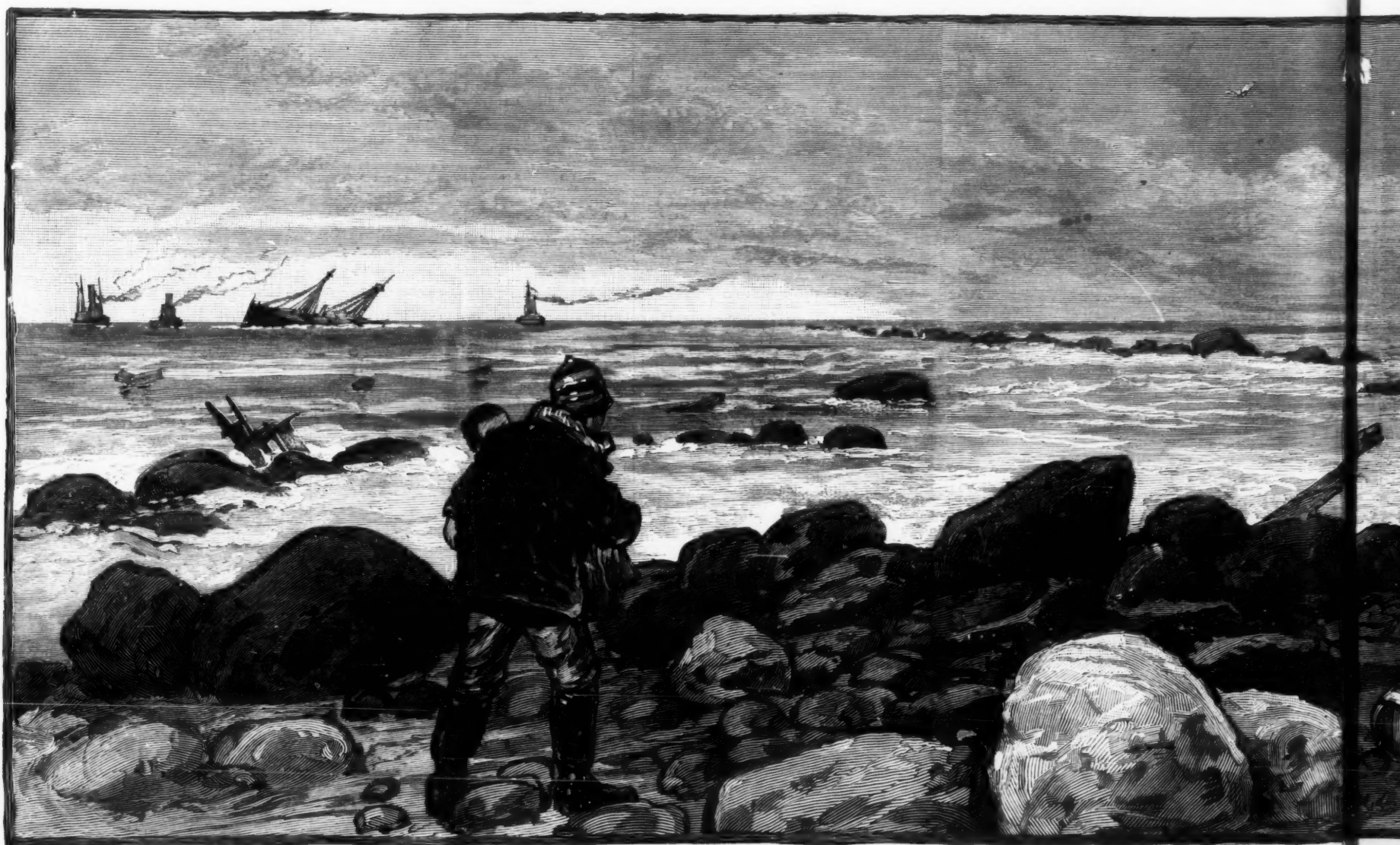
An eccentric bachelor of Newport, Ky., named William D. Ringo, recently deceased, bequeathed his fortune of \$500,000 to six adopted children from three to nine years of age. A reclusé the greater part of his life, Ringo collected a library of considerable value, and was well read. For several years he has been addicted to drink. In this habit, as well as all others, he was very systematic. He never drank except at one bar, and only after midnight. He usually remained in the saloon for about two hours. At the end of the month the barkeeper made out his bill, which he always paid with a check. For several years he has kept two men under monthly pay, whose business it was to see that he conducted himself properly while under the influence of liquor and to take him home. He was seventy-two years of age.

QUEEN VICTORIA will leave England at the end of March for Darmstadt, to be present at the marriage of Prince Louis of Battenberg with her granddaughter on April 15th. The Queen's new book, "Life in the Highlands," is expected to be published by the middle of February. It is in one volume, octavo, and will contain eight portraits, besides many wood cuts from drawings made by the Queen and Princess Beatrice. The book tells how John Brown became her confidant, stating that Brown was especially recommended by the Prince Consort, while the latter was dying, as a man who, with unostentatious devotion, would lay down his life in standing between his sovereign and all harm. Under the order of Queen Victoria the artist Angeli has painted a life-size portrait of John Brown.

In a recent interview, General Sherman said, in the most positive manner, that if he was nominated for President by acclamation, and received the electoral vote of every State in the Union, he would still decline. He thought it would be the supremest kind of folly for him to be tempted by the bubble of the Presidency to enter the White House, and have four years of strife, contention, irritation and criticism to encounter. To accept the Presidency would necessitate his retiring from the army, and at the end of four years he would be remanded to private life just like Grant, who was trying to earn a living in the precarious occupation of a broker in Wall Street. "No," said he, in conclusion, "people may believe it or not, just as they please; but there is and can be no possible contingency which would induce me to think for one moment of taking the office."



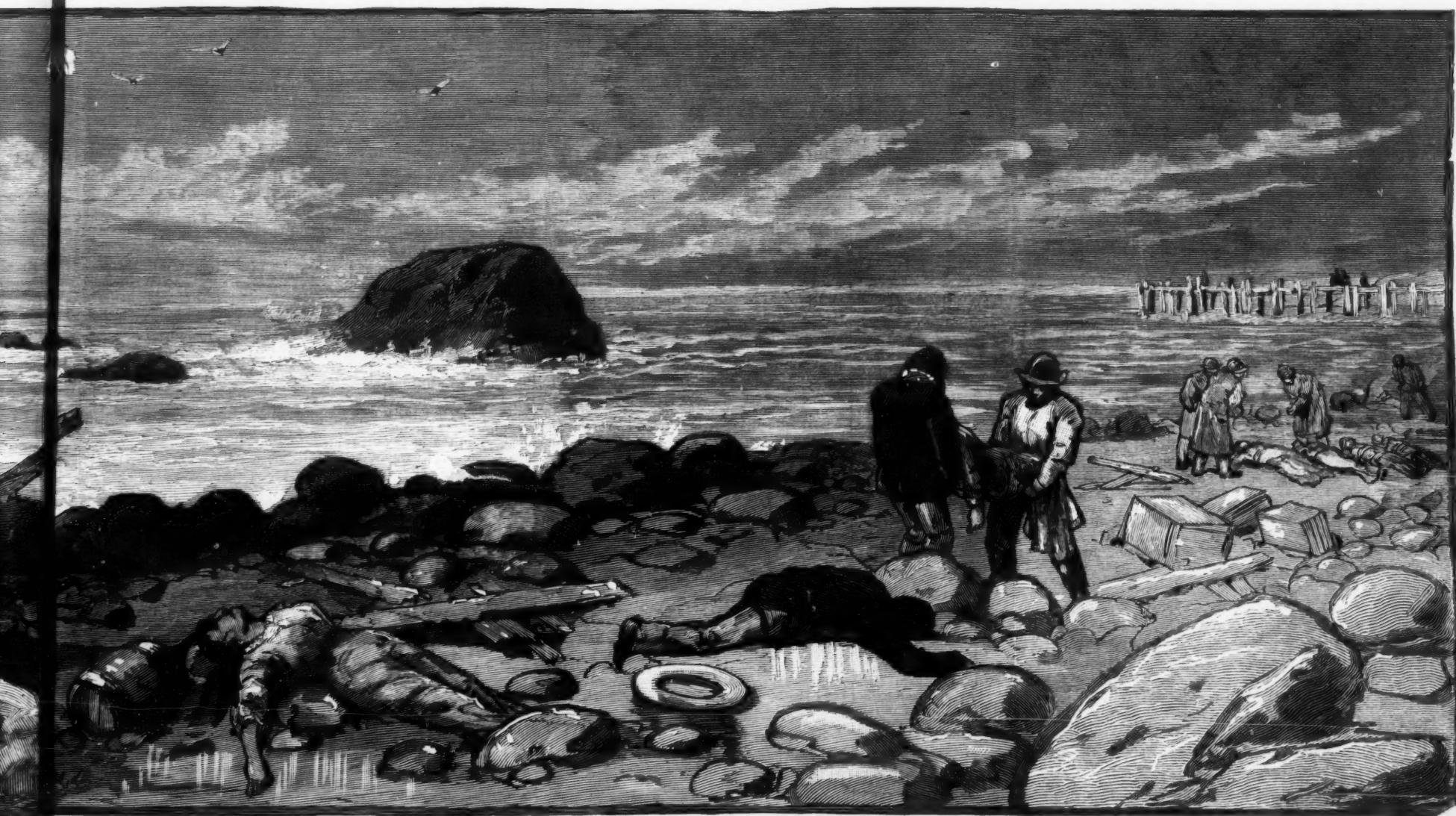
GAY HEAD, THE SCENE OF THE WRECK, AS SEEN FROM THE OCEAN



VIEW FROM THE SHORE AT GAY HEAD, SHOWING THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, THE POSITION OF THE WRECK, AND THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "CITY OF COLUMBUS," OFF GAY HEAD, ON THE MORNING



OCEAN STEAMERS ENGAGED IN PICKING UP BODIES OF VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER.



THE POSITION OF THE WRECKED STEAMER, AND DEAD BODIES STREWN ALONG THE BEACH.

THE MORNING OF JANUARY 18TH—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE DISASTER.—FROM SKETCHES BY WM. H. FRIZZELL.—SEE PAGE 373.

DESERTED.

THERE is scent of dead roses on the air,
A silent bird in the cage;
The dust lies thick on tapestry rare
And on faded vellum page.

The ribbon is cold, of the still guitar,
Loosed from the player's warm breast;
Its echoes are borne on the winds afar,
And the singer is sung to rest.

O'er harp-strings the spider hath spun his web,
A breath stirs the ancient score,
And trembles the wreath on Apollo's head
Age-darkened above the door.

The tarnished clock, on the mantel, that rang
The hours with its silver bell,
Thrills at a touch with a strange, jarring clang,
And murmurs a mournful knell.

There's a glove on a chair, and a sliver shoe,
A rose-wreath, rustle hat,
And a Watteau fan, of delicate hue,
Down-dropped on a Turkish mat.

There's a letter faded and torn in twain,
A portrait, and broken ring
That never will shackle the hand again
That shrank from the golden thing.

There are echoing sighs in the dreary room,
And rustle of restless ghost,
An absence of sun, and smile, and bloom,
That are all of life at most.

MARIE LE BARON.

LOST!

A KING'S GIFT.

BY MRS. DENISON.

"MAMMA, dear, Agnes Boutilar is downstairs"—and Cerise Aldrich stood timidly before her beautiful mother. "She called for the ring."

Mrs. Aldrich cast a hasty glance round the pretty boudoir, finished in white and gold, overlooking a lovely garden spot filled with flowers.

"The ring?" she repeated, in seeming surprise.

"Yes; Agnes said her mother let you take it to examine, and just then, you know, the nurse came in with poor little Georgie when he was so terribly hurt, and in the confusion and anxiety she forgot it."

"Poor little fellow!" said Mrs. Aldrich, her large, soft eyes turning to the door; "he is still asleep. Rixy says he did nothing but moan and toss all night."

"But the ring, mother—the ring?"

The girl spoke in a tone of impatience, almost imperiousness, that did not come with good grace from the lips of a daughter. She was very lovely, though from some cause very pale. Her soft golden hair was carefully tied at the back of her head, and hung in a profusion of ringlets far down her back. In the eyes—large and soft and blue like her mother's—there was an anxious expression, which in a moment changed to a pleading look, as she said, or rather repeated:

"But the ring, mother—the ring?"

"My dear, I have forgotten," said her mother, in her low, even tones. "Let me see. Did I take it? I might, but I think not. If I did, I'm sure I must have given it back. Don't look so tragic, Cerise. One would think a murder had been committed."

"Oh! but, mother"—the girl half turned away—"do try and remember. I am sure I saw you turning it on your finger. I heard you remark on the quaintness of the setting. That ring is almost two hundred years old—it is an heirloom. It was given to an ancestor of the Boutilars, in the Tuileries, by the hand of the king then reigning—I've forgotten his name—and they think the world of it. Mrs. Boutilar generally keeps it locked away, and it was only by chance she happened to have it on yesterday. That was the reason she forgot—that and the momentary confusion. Don't you remember? You sprang up and ran out of the room with the nurse, and then we sent for the doctor, and Mrs. Boutilar was so scared that the ring never entered her mind. She only thought of it when she saw the key of the box where she keeps it, this morning. Mamma, dear, you did have it on."

"Cerise, do you accuse your mother of theft?" asked Mrs. Aldrich, sternly.

"Oh, mamma!" said the girl, sharply, then repeated it in a softer tone, two great tears, ready to fall, standing on her lashes.

"Because if I had kept the ring it would have looked very much like it," continued her mother, in her usual low voice. "I might have taken the ring. I did admire it; it certainly is a remarkable jewel—a most remarkable jewel, and it given by royalty, so much the more valuable. I don't wonder Mrs. Boutilar is anxious. I should be. But I must have given the ring back, or put it down somewhere, it stands to reason; it is not on my finger, nor has it been, to my recollection."

"But, mamma, I saw it there," persisted Cerise, who was now trembling.

"And suppose you did? If it was there, I drew it off, and gave it to Mrs. Boutilar before the hubbub caused by that unlucky child commenced. I never saw such an unlucky child, always full of bumps and bruises. I'm sure he will kill himself yet."

Cerise gave a deep-drawn sigh, and stood there mute and motionless. A strange expression crossed her face as she looked half-aside at her mother.

Mrs. Aldrich looked up from her work as sweetly and as placidly as if nothing had disturbed her.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind letting me have the keys of the cabinet, mamma. You might have dropped it in with your other rings, you know, and—I would be very careful. I—I—" she stood there, frightened, but resolute.

"How dare you ask me such a question, Cerise! Do you know what it means? You doubt me—you doubt your mother! It is not the first time, Cerise. I have brought ungrateful children into the world. As if it was not enough that your father—but I will not say it. I will give vent to my sorrow only in private, where no eye can look upon me. I am doubted, hated, perhaps, by my own child."

She had begun her speech in ringing tones, half rising from the luxuriant armchair in which she was seated. At the last, however, her voice seemed to fail her, and, with real or well-simulated grief, she dropped back in her seat again, her handkerchief pressed to her eyes.

"Oh, mamma, don't!" exclaimed Cerise, grieved and anguished; "only, what shall I say to Agnes Boutilar? She is so—no matter of fact and determined. I wish the ring had been in the bottom of the ocean, or else—"

The girl stopped abruptly, catching herself as she sighed, and looking quite frightened.

"Well, what were you going to say? Some insulting speech, I dare say, as your father—but I will not go on. I am a poor, disappointed woman; all my most cherished hopes fade before they can be realized. You are going, Cerise?"

"Yes, mamma. Have you any message?" The girl commanded her features, but she was as pale as death.

"Only that I am sorry—very sorry; convey my regrets. If she still thinks she lost it here, I will have the house searched. Don't look so tragic, my child. What is it but the loss of a ring? Nobody has been murdered." And the woman smiled as Cerise went out.

Then, after watching the door for some time, she rose, took a tiny key from somewhere, and went towards a nook in which stood a table full of boxes. One of these she unlocked, looked at the contents in a kind of ecstasy, rubbed her hands, her eyes sparkling, and laughed in a low voice to herself.

"Given by royalty," she said, over and over again; "then, indeed, it is precious."

"Mamma!" called a feeble voice.

Instantly she was by the side of her child, all the mother in her beautiful face as she caught the lovely boy to her heart.

"What is it, my darling?" she asked, as he looked up at her with lustrous eyes, his head reclining on her bosom.

"Let me see the pretty ring again!" he pleaded.

"There is no pretty ring, my dear. The lady has lost it," she said, fondling his curls.

"But you said you would keep it for me," was the child's reply.

"Because you were hurt and sick, and I wanted to please you," was the response.

"Then, mother," said the boy, emphatically, "you told a lie."

"There it is again! My children all turn upon me," said the woman, while real tears stood in her eyes.

"No matter, mamma dear; you did it because I was sick and cross, and I guess God'll forgive you."

Tears ran down Mrs. Aldrich's face, but she said nothing, and the child wiped them off with his little fingers, beguiling her with a baby's talk.

Meantime Cerise walked slowly down stairs and into the reception room. Miss Boutilar, tired of waiting, had arisen and was standing looking at the portrait of Mrs. Aldrich, when Cerise entered. She was a small, compact body, who looked as if every nerve in her frame might be made of steel. Her eyes were blue and clear, her voice cool and ringing, her manner so composed, her style so decided, that one might imagine her to be the descendant of a score of kings. The Boutilars were rich, aristocratic and very proud. They boasted of their ancestry, though only upon rare occasions, but at their own home one met their family coat of arms everywhere. They dressed with charming taste, and in fact were the leaders of society in the pretty little town where they lived.

"What a beautiful woman your mother is!" exclaimed Miss Agnes, as she turned round, hearing Cerise enter. "Well, my dear, I was going to scold you for keeping me so long. Here I have eleven visits to return between this and dinner-time. Did you get the ring? Why, my dear, you are pale—very pale—you—I hope there's no bad news. Mother felt so easy about the ring, you know. Of course—why, my dear, shall I call for help? You look faint."

"I am so disappointed, Miss Agnes; mother does not remember at all about the ring, not even that she put it on."

"Oh, that is very strange!" said Miss Agnes, a look of incredulity crossing her features. "I am sure she put it on—I was here, you know, and remember how much she admired it. I have reason to remember it, for I never knew my mother to take that ring from her finger for anybody to look at; but she is so infatuated with your mother!"

"I don't know what to say—what to think," said Cerise, distressed and dismayed.

"You saw her yourself, I am sure," said Miss Agnes, in her quick, direct way.

"I—I—yes, I saw her—I thought she put it on," said Cerise, trembling from head to foot.

"I'm sorry you feel so badly," said Miss Agnes, taking her handkerchief from her satin bag, "but really you can't imagine what the loss of that ring would be. I'm sure papa would scour the country if he missed it, and employ a whole posse of detectives. Of course, your mother may have forgotten, and having her child brought in all covered with blood, as one might say, was enough to obliterate one's senses for the time; but probably she put it somewhere, and may, must find it, before very long. Have you confidence in your servants?"

"They have been with us for years," said Cerise, in a faltering voice.

"Yes, but temptation sometimes overcomes the best of them. I would give, say, a week,

and if in that time the ring is not found, why of course other means must be taken. We will not inform papa yet, because he will be furious, and do something that might be thought severe, to say the least, among old friends. Will you say that to Mrs. Aldrich?"

"I will—and, oh, how hard we will try to find it, if, indeed, it is anywhere about!" said Cerise, almost crying.

The sensitive girl at once detected a change in the manner of her friend. Her voice was harder, her smile was colder, and even the way she drew on her glove impressed her.

"There will be trouble—I know there will be trouble!" she sobbed, after Miss Agnes had gone. "But what can be done? What can be done? It's of no use to speak to mother again, and as for father—poor father!"

Slowly and listlessly Cerise went about the house, avoiding that part where her mother was, though she frequently heard her clear, soft voice singing as she plied her needle. It seemed as often as the words, or the pretty little Swiss air, came to the girl's ears, a bitter look stole into her face, and she threw up her hands convulsively, or sometimes covered her eyes shudderingly.

It seemed a longer time than usual till her father came home that day.

Mr. Aldrich was a very rich man, and yet he remained in business, throwing heart and soul into his gigantic warehouses, and even when at home it made him silent and preoccupied in manner. People shook their heads when they saw the white threads amidst his brown hair, and sprinkled through his luxuriant mustache.

"With such a beautiful wife and lovely family," they said; "and yet he seems less at ease at home than in any other place."

Cerise grew impatient at the long delay, and, putting on hat and mantle, went down the road to meet him.

He was coming. His sad, brown eyes grew luminous at sight of her. He loved to see her on the way to greet him with a sweet and welcome kiss.

"Well, darling, how is the boy?" he asked.

"Better—much better—papa, dear."

"Yes. I took in Dr. Bentley on the way. He said I need give myself no uneasiness—the little fellow was doing well. And your mother is not too much fatigued."

"Oh, no; not to speak of."

"You have had visitors, perhaps?"

"Yes. Oh! papa—"

And Cerise, against her will, broke down utterly.

"Why, child? Cerise, what is the matter?" he asked, stopping before they came in sight of the house.

"Well, papa, it's very foolish of me, perhaps, but the Boutilars have lost their ring!"

"What ring, dear?"

"A family relic—very old and very valuable. They were here yesterday, you know."

"Ah!"—a puzzled expression came into his face—he glanced at his daughter uneasily—"I can't see what that has to do with the loss of the ring."

"It was this way, papa. Mr. Boutilar had it on—took off her glove, I suppose, for the purpose of showing it. Mamma saw it, and admired it so much that Mrs. Boutilar took it from her finger and mamma placed it on hers. Then there was an awful cry; little Georgie was brought in for dead, and nobody thought any more of the ring till—till to-day, when Miss Agnes came to see about it."

"I begin to understand," said Mr. Aldrich; but there was a strange slowness and sternness in his voice, and his lips came together like those of a person in suffering.

His features seemed drawn, his brow corrugated, and he grew suddenly anxious and old-looking.

"And your mother—what did she say?" he asked again, as if compelled to speak.

"That she did not remember."

The eyes of father and daughter met, and were as suddenly turned from each other. There was anguish to be read in each face.

"This is most extraordinary," said her father. "I know that what the Boutilars value they value far beyond its worth; yet I have no doubt the ring was very valuable. I have heard Boutilar describe it. I should be sorry to have my house overrun by detectives. Boutilar would consider nothing sacred as long as he came to his own. Something must be done. You are sure you saw the ring on your mother's finger?"

"I distinctly saw her turn it round and round," half sobbed Cerise; "and yet she declares she remembers nothing about it."

"We must see to it," muttered Mr. Aldrich; and nothing more was said while on their way to the house.

At the dinner-table that evening all were quiet and thoughtful but the lady of the house. Never had she been more brilliantly beautiful, or more witty and genial. She talked incessantly, now and then giving her orders to the servant, or sending up some appetizing morsel to her boy.

That evening there was a stormy scene in the boudoir. Cerise heard the voices and hid herself, faint with fear. After a sleepless night, she met her father only at the breakfast table. Her mother did not come downstairs.

"I shall have to go over to Boutilar's," her father said. "There is a mystery about that ring. Your mother looked all over her jewel-boxes last night. I helped in the search. But nothing could be found—no clue, even."

"And still she does not remember?" said Cerise, not venturing to meet his eyes.

"Yes," he said, after a pause, "she remembers putting the ring on, but says she slipped it off in the confusion, and can recollect nothing more; only she is sure she must have returned it. You were there; you must have seen."

He glanced at her anxiously.

"Yes, I was there, and very much fright-

ened with the rest when Georgie was brought in. Still, I did not see mamma give back the ring."

"But she might have done so, you think?" he asked.

"She went out of the room with Georgie, and sent down her regrets. She did not come in again, and then Mrs. Boutilar and Agnes went away."

"Of course, they will be positive they left the ring here," said her father. "It is a misfortune."

Nothing more was said. On his way to business Mr. Aldrich called upon the Boutilars. By this time the head of the family had heard of the loss, and went raging about like a wounded lion.

The two men were closeted together for some time, and at the close of an hour Mr. Aldrich left the study of his friend, looking years older.

He had, after much persuasion, consented to admit a detective in his house for a shorter or longer period. Either that or a public prosecution.

When Cerise heard of it, she was overwhelmed.

"Such a man as that here in the house!" she said.

"But you would not know his business. Boutilar says he will be careful, and the man shall be a gentleman in seeming, at least. We must submit, my child, to that or worse; we are in their power. Suspicion is a terrible agent; and they have all promised to keep the matter a secret. He declares that he prized the bauble more than life, and he will spare no money or no friendship to get possession of it."

"But to have a detective in the house!" said Cerise, suppressed horror in her voice. "Must mamma know it?"

"On no account! She will be—Ah, Heaven! what was I going to say?" he exclaimed, turning white. "No, she must think him the son of an old college friend. I have spoken of the coming of such an one, so it won't surprise her. On no account must she know."

"And do these detectives ever—expose?"

She grew paler, and hid her face on his bosom.

"I know what you mean, my child. No, never. They are quiet men, with many dark secrets locked in their bosoms. And now we have nothing to do but await developments. The ring may be found, we can't tell, somewhere about the house or the grounds; let us hope the latter."

In due course of time the detective came. Mr. Aldrich received him coldly, his daughter haughtily, standing under the chandelier—for it was evening—pale as a statue, but exceedingly beautiful. The newcomer was young, tall, handsome and of easy, gentleman-like address—so handsome, indeed, that Cerise was startled, and dropped a few inches from her dignity. Nor had she cause to change her opinion of his seeming merit.

Never once did he fail in his courtesy, never once seem the spy that he was. He moved, indoors and out, like a privileged friend of the family. He played the piano with great delicacy and beauty of touch, and sang a German or a French song with the most perfect accent.

Every day Cerise looked upon him with growing respect. She tried to forget his mission—indeed, she often came near it. Sometimes it made her nervous, uneasy, or scornful, to feel that his great dark eyes were upon her wherever she moved, and she kept out of his way when she could well do so, feeling all the time that his presence was something of an outrage.

Nobody could dream of what was going on, Mrs. Aldrich least of all. She was loud in her praises of this son of her husband's old college friend, and quite often praised him openly to Cerise.

"If his financial resources are equal to his fine abilities and splendid appearance," she said, one day, to Cerise, "he is just the man I should like to see you marry."

The hot blood leaped to Cerise's usually pale cheek.

"Mamma, you insult me!" she said, passionately.

"Insult you!"—and the soft blue eyes opened wider than ever. "Well, I must say that you have queer notions. You might resent such an allusion, but why you should feel insulted I cannot understand. He certainly is one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, and, by-the-way, there is a likeness, and to some one I know. Yes, I have caught it. He looks like the Boutilars."

"Please never speak of the matter again," said Cerise.

Hurrying to her room, she sat there a full hour in a reverie.

"Papa never should have allowed it—never!" she said, emphatically, when she roused herself. "I wish—oh! I wish he had never come!"

Meantime, though nobody could have guessed it, every part of the house had undergone a thorough search. The servants, unconscious what part they were playing, contributed their share of information to persons who were put in their way.

Sometimes the subject was brought up at the table, sometimes in the family circle, but always abruptly dropped. One day it was carried so far, and threats, like concealed weapons, so skillfully used, that it was evident a deep impression was made both upon Cerise and her mother.

"And do you really believe that man Boutilar will carry us into court?" asked Mrs. Aldrich of Cerise. "He never would dare!" she added. "Besides, what would he gain? They would just as quickly believe that I gave back the ring as that I took it."

"But, mamma, you forget there were witnesses," said Cerise.

"It is natural for Miss Agnes to take her mother's part. Of course, everybody would see it is for her own advantage."

"Oh, but mother, suppose they were to ask me?" faltered Cerise.

"Well, and if they did? Yes, I believe you are capable of accusing me of a downright theft—your mother!"

"Pray don't say anything so terrible," half-sobbed Cerise; "but I must tell the truth—Heaven knows I must! They all know that I saw it on your finger, and that I did not see you give it back. This talk of giving evidence, of being brought into court, sickens me. I have prayed and prayed that we might find the ring. And this detective—I mean—"

Cerise sat looking at her mother like one paralyzed. She had unwittingly exposed the avocation of their pretended visitor.

"You don't mean to tell me that man is a detective?" cried Mrs. Aldrich, in a voice of terror. "And all this time—Great Heaven!"

She sank down slowly in her seat. For the first time her composure deserted her, and she grew deathly pale.

"It is abominable!" she said, after a few moments. "Your father must order him out of the house, or I will!"

That night Ingals, for such was the given name of their apparent visitor, sat at his window till after midnight. There was a full moon, and the heavens were filled with fleecy clouds, which now and again, drifting aside, displayed the queenly orb in all the glory of her brilliant beauty.

Suddenly, as the detective sat there smoking, and it must be confessed, thinking of anything but business, his keen eyes fell upon some objects moving in the garden below.

He saw distinctly two figures, one following the other stealthily; but the one who followed kept close in the shadows, and guarded its approach by the trees. Nearer and nearer they came, the foremost figure apparently unconscious that it was watched.

Hastening down-stairs with a quickly beating heart, the man gained the path outside, and noiselessly finding a place where he could watch, he regarded the proceedings with bated breath.

The foremost figure knelt down, graceful even in her disguise, and with a tiny steel or silver implement that glittered now and then as did the rings upon her finger and the bracelets on her wrist, made a hole at the foot of the only elm tree in the garden, deposited something therein, then, while its shadow was in hiding, dextrously filled up the hole and hurried away. As soon as it was out of sight, the second figure came forward and knelt down by the tree.

"Perhaps I can assist you," said a low, familiar voice.

Cerise looked up, then sprang to her feet speechless and frightened.

"Be calm, my dear young lady," said the detective, "the ring is here. It was very shallowly placed—see, I have unearthed it with my penknife."

Cerise only wrung her hands in uncontrollable agony. She was as white as a statue, and every delicate feature was distorted as by a spasm.

"I had my suspicions that it was one of the servants," he said, coolly, as he opened the box, "though which one I could not with certainty tell. Never mind, the long agony is over. There's an end to any more surveillance. I am very glad."

Still Cerise stood like a statue. Did he know? Was that idea of the servants merely a clever ruse? If so, how kind, how thoughtful, how forbearing of him!

"My dear young lady," he said, bending earnest eyes upon her, and taking her hand. She started at his touch, threw up both hands, burst into tears and ran down the garden-path to the side door, up to her room, and fell sobbing upon her bed.

On the following morning at the breakfast table, the detective displayed the box and the ring inside. Mr. Aldrich was overjoyed.

"I could not, as I told Miss Cerise, discover which of the servants it was who buried the box," he said, with a careless nod to Cerise; "but it does not matter"—he looked long in her father's eyes—"that will not be inquired into. We know the best of servants do sometimes yield to temptation. The ring is found, that is enough."

Cerise trembled, yet at that moment she almost worshiped him. Surely he was no ordinary detective. Mr. Aldrich also was almost overcome with gratitude.

"Thank Heaven it is found!" was all he said, but his firm lips trembled, and Cerise caught his eye, crimsoned and left the table.

"Papa, it is a curse upon us. Do you think it will ever happen again?" she said, afterwards, when they met by themselves.

"How can I tell, my darling; but we know this trial is past."

"Yes; is he not one of the noblest of men?"

"You think so," said her father, with a peculiar smile.

"Indeed I do! How he spared us all humiliation, though he knew—yes, just as well as we did."

"He is indeed noble, my darling," her father said. "And what do you think? He has proposed for your hand."

"Father!" exclaimed Cerise, crimsoning, "this is terrible! A detective—a—"

"Listen, daughter. That is what I said. I was indignant—I felt myself and you insulted. But who do you think he is?"

And her father smiled as he had not smiled for many a day.

Cerise shook her head helplessly.

"His name is Courtney Boutillier."

"Oh, papa! I thought he was traveling," said Cerise, her eyes sparkling.

"So he was; but hearing of this matter, and having a peculiar genius for unraveling

secrets, he prevailed upon his father, having just arrived in New York, to allow him to act as a detective. He tells me he has long loved my little girl—ever since he saw her picture in his sister's collection when she was in Paris, two years ago."

"And, papa!" and Cerise hid her blushing face in his bosom. "I do—that is, I think I could love him; but how can he think of me when—when—"

"He understands it all, little one," said her father, patting her golden head. "I explained our sad position—told him of your mother's illness years ago, after which she displayed this strange monomania. He cannot blame any of us, my darling! He knows you are the soul of truth and honor; he knows what you have been to me all these years, my darling, and how you have suffered. Perhaps, let us hope, that as this is the most serious trouble we have ever had, nothing like it may occur again. At any rate, it will never be known—his lips are sealed, and he comes of an honorable race. What does my darling say?"

"Tell him—just what you think best, papa."

"And that means Yes?"

"It means Yes," she said, softly.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY ABROAD.

No. 5.

(Continued from page 381.)

The walk in Chester, *par excellence*, is "on the walls." The old Roman wall, which still encircles the core of the city, has been furnished with a raised and flagged causeway against its inner side, and here, in the long, sweet twilight, I took my first walk in England. Below me, on the one hand, lay the town, a confusion of dull-red roofs and gables—the cathedral close, sweet with new-mown hay, and the old cathedral itself, in whose airy spire the chimneys were ringing; on the other, the open country fading away into a level distance. The winding like a silver snake among low, green meadows, and far away against an amber and rosy sky the dim blue line of the Welsh hills. On an angle of the wall, overhanging the dry bed of the moat below, stands the Phoenix Tower—"King Charles's," as they rather call it—whose rugged red-sandstone front bears this inscription:

"KING CHARLES

Stood on this Tower,

September 1th, 1645, and saw

His army defeated

On Rowton Moor."

I came upon it suddenly, standing out strong and dark in its rich ruddy brown against the pale sunset, with a flight of swallows and cawing rooks circling round and round, and swooping over its battlements; and as I looked I seemed to see something more—a figure in the low doorway, and a face, as vivid as ever Vandeyke painted, as living as it had been that September day long past. For the space between two pulses I was face to face with the past, and stood, a royalist of the royalists, before the hopeless and deserted Stuart King.

I went into the single vaulted circular room of the tower next morning, and looked over an odd collection of relics exhibited there by an odd old man who shows the same for a fee of threepence, and who was eager in pointing out to me, through a tiny window, the exact locality of the battlefield. "If you please, mum, there lay the battle, two mile away," and then followed the usual historical summary, in which each statement was prefaced with a conditional "if I pleased." Everything pleased me in Chester, even the rain, which poured fine and unceasing, and yet was so far different from American rain that it did not seem to wet one. I would have wandered up and down the streets in it all day; but the plan of travel laid out for us was like unto a law of the Medes and Persians, and "one day in Chester" was inexorably written there.

Into those few hours we crammed glimpses of a few churches, with groined roofs of the Henries, and brasses of the reign of King John, and in one of these ancient edifices I first saw, in a little niche which had once contained a statue, and was still cloudily decorated with stains of old fresco-painting, a loaf of bread left from the weekly dole to the parish poor. This I considered a treat to the imagination; but how far greater was my delight some months after, when in an old London church, I actually found myself an eye-witness of this pious distribution! F. and I had strayed about, after service, looking at the old tablets on the walls, where small effigies of the deceased knelt devoutly in profile, or faced us, a mere bust behind a ledge, with hands clasped upon an open book. Suddenly we became involved in a knot of old women, faded old ladies, in large black bonnets, from whose rusty black gowns exhaled that singular compound of flavors known to all the world as "a poor smell," and which appears to blend the odors of musty pantries, warm soapuds, cabbage and general antiquity. They were all mumbling and whispering together, and had severe and discontented countenances; each one squeezed a large cotton umbrella under her arm, and clutched, besides her prayer-book, a green baize bag, into which she was either in the act of cramming, or had already crammed, one of those two-storied loaves known to the Briton as a half-quarter. We extricated ourselves from the pressure of the poor widows, and watched them file off with unspeakable delight—a delight evidently greater than their own, since it was apparent that each widow was grumbling over the size and quality of her loaf, and casting reflections on the bounty of the gentleman, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, as her tablet hard by informed us, had bequeathed this weekly dole to "the honest poor" for ever.

Through the rich English country, where the fields were ripe and yellow with August's harvest, we sped up into Scotland. Through the freer air of the hilly North Country, with glimpses of Yorkshire moors, with a moonlit glance at Durham, and its castle and cathedral-towers included in a sea of white mist; through Newcastle, with its grand old Norman keep—along the coast where the German Ocean washes its foam, where Warkworth and Bamborough Castles face the salt winds that have swept them for seven hundred years; past Alnwick town, on its green promontory above the gray sea, with the golden harvest-fields shining beyond it—through all that wild Border country, rich in legend and history and tradition, rich, too, in every road and acre with the blood of the old "Lords of the Marches" and their men—and so over the rippling Tweed, over the Border into Bonnie Scotland! Then the land grows wilder, and the hills bave steeper and more rugged, and all along our way shine flashes of the sea, foaming at the base of steep red crags, whose crests are green with turf and dotted with black-faced sheep. Then there are miles of lonely meadows and bare green downs, and here and there an old quaint scattered town, or a little lonely farm, and many square gray towers, standing solitary and dark in the midst of the fields—old Border towns or "peels," the scenes of many a fight and foray in Scotland's wild young days. The hills, that have been changing form and place along the horizon, loom darker and nearer as the twilight drops down: lights begin to gleam out along their base, and the darkness comes upon us in a moment, as we rush through a long roaring tunnel, and out under grim black crags crowned with chimneys and turrets and glancing yellow lights, into Edinburgh Town.

We had all sworn allegiance to London from our

hearts, but we turned traitors for love of Edinburgh from the very first morning that we walked abroad under the shadow of her Castle Rock. Who does not know how that grand, great crag lords it in the very heart of the city, between the Old Town and the New, crowned with the long battlements and fortifications of the "Maiden Castle"; how the breezy crests of Calton Hill and Arthur's Seat, and the billowy sweep of the Salisbury Crags, girdle the city round with walls of green; and how, closing every vista, the Frih of Forth glitters broad and blue, and the Pentlands and Lomonds lie like broken, purple cloud-banks along the horizon! The New Town is fair, symmetrical, airy and modern, and has its mansions of bright whiteness, its wide streets and squares stately and featureless; the Old Town, lying beyond the castle and the bridges, is dirty and dark and timeworn and picturesque, with its "wynds" and "closes," its eight-storied, crooked-gabled tenements, its carved and scutched doorways, and all the legendary dirt and patched up decay of its High Street and Canongate, down which, not so long ago, the carriage of old Sir Walter used to drive "as slowly as it at a funeral," that he might drink in its faded glories. Doubtless he saw it with a poet's second sight, dressed in all the splendor of the past; even we, leaning out of the windows of our cab, can call up some wandering ghosts of old pageants, and catch a little of "the light that never was on sea or land" kindling its vistas. It is not hard to fancy Grahame of Claverhouse, sweeping like a whirlwind down St. Mary's Wynd, and to hear the bells jangling and the drums beating to arms and pursuit, as he rides away to rouse the Highlands for King James; or to see Queen Mary, fair and gracious in the short heyday of her reign, or white and wan at its gloomy close, as she rides a crowned prisoner at Bothwell's side. In her old oak-paneled chamber in the Castle we saw her portrait—that fairest one of them all—and if that be true, we know how glorious the beauty was which drew all men's hearts while living, as her sorrows kindle them since it is dust. All Edinburgh, for me, seems haunted by Mary Stuart; even modern Princes Street, a thing of yesterday, where, among the crowd of fashionable shoppers, the ubiquitous starting tourists, the kilied Highlanders (who one and all talk the purest of cockney English), and the stalwart, short-skirted fishwives, one might reasonably forget that the Stuarts had ever worn and lost a crown.

The fishwives have a great fascination for us—mean, strapping maids and women from Newhaven, who bring their loaded creels in daily, and walk the Edinburgh streets with fine masculine strides. Their striped petticoats and blue flannel cloaks are always neatness embodied, and the caps of the matrons as white as snow; the young, unmarried women go uncovered, most of them rejoicing in great coils of yellow hair, and honest sunburnt faces braving all weathers. The men of Newhaven stick to their boats and nets, but the women both sell and buy, keep the household purse, and rule the husband and father—when on land—will a rod of iron. Although probably never having heard of the superiority of Woman and the great doctrine of her Rights, they are said to have a hearty intuitive sense of the same, as is witnessed by their frequent comments on some imprudent marriage among their ranks: "Hout!" is the withering remark, "how can she keep a man who can scarcely maintain herself?"

Scotland would scarcely seem Scotland in our memories without a day at Abbotsford, in the magic land watched over by the Cheviots and the Eildon Hills, and watered by Tweed and Yarrow, Leith and Gala waters. A great museum of relics is Abbotsford; laying aside all associations, literary and sentimental, it is simply a spot to drive a collector raving mad. Shall I ever forget that moment, when the civil guide paid our palpable honesty the tribute of leaving us alone in the armory, while he piloted on a less enthusiastic and more expeditious party? In that room, on a single nail within easy reaching distance, hung unsecured the little pearl cross which, as the guide had just informed us, had been carried by Mary Stuart to her execution. F. and I stood before that cross and looked at each other, and positively shivered with longing to break the Eighth Commandment; and although I suspected then, and am now sure, on the strength of historic data, that the guide's story was a fragment of his own brain, yet I wonder that I did not yield to temptation. There too, as unfeelingly exposed, was the miniature of Bonnie Dundee—bonnie with an almost maidenly beauty of great sad hazel eyes and curled brown hair and straight pure features; there was Prince Charlie in bonnet and tartan, and a lock of his yellow hair, and a scrap of Queen Mary's gown, and Heaven knows how many more treasures that positively made our heads ache with coveting. The tilting armor, before which we stood and lost ourselves in the glories of imaginary tournaments, could not conveniently have been made away with; but Bruce's iron candlestick would have squeezed into my own pocket, and B. could easily have girded on a basket hilted Highland broadsword under his traveling vesture!

Ah, they were too short, those days in Scotland! Short, and soon passed, and yet not passed, for whenever I hear an accent of her quaint speech, or one of her old sweet-sounding names, so surely am I back again, "over the Border," and the ruddy heather on Lothian's hills, the windings of the Annan Water, the green meadows where the Gala flows, the ivied oriels of Melrose, and the bluebells that wave in every crevice of Dryburgh's old gray stones, make glad mine eyes and my heart again with a remembered beauty scarce less living than the real.

G. A. DAVIS.

Death-roll of the Week.

JANUARY 19TH.—In New York, Dr. James Moore-head, a physician of large practice; in Pochontas Station, La., the Rev. Edward Fontaine, author of "How the World was Ploped," and a contributor to the science of hydraulic engineering; in Oil City, Pa., H. W. Hoag, well known in the oil country, aged 49 years; in Troy, N. Y., General William C. Plunkett, a prominent manufacturer, politician and churchman, aged 84 years. January 20th.—In Astoria, N. Y., James M. Blackwell, one of the original owners of Blackwell's Island, aged 74 years; in Alexandria, Va., Dr. M. M. Lewis, a prominent physician, aged 59 years; in Vicksburg, Miss., State Senator W. R. Spears, chief editor of the Vicksburg Herald; in Hartford, Conn., Dr. John Riley Lee, a well-known physician, aged 80 years; in Buffalo, N. Y., Thaddeus C. Davis, a prominent lawyer, aged 63 years. January 21st.—In New York, Charles Handy Russell, one of the oldest members of the Chamber of Commerce, and formerly a prominent business man in this city, aged 88 years; in New Haven, Conn., Commodore Timothy A. Hunt, U.S.N., aged 79 years; in Hanover Junction, Md., Darius Wheeler, a drummer-boy of the war of 1812-14, aged 86 years; in Lawrenceville, N. J., Professor H. B. Boisen, well known as a teacher and as one of the Rectors of the Marilla's Vineyard Summer Institute; in Cleveland, O., James Freeman Clarke, one of the foremost business men of that city, aged 78 years; in London, England, Victor Alexander Grosvenor, styled Earl Grosvenor, son and heir of the Duke of Westminster, aged 31 years. January 22nd.—In Brooklyn, Professor Sylvester John Sawyer, treasurer and manager of the Paulist Fathers, aged 60 years; in St. Louis, Mo., Samuel T. Glover, a leading lawyer and prominent Democratic politician. January 23rd.—In New York, Thomas M. Hooker, the sixth in descent from the Rev. Thomas Hooker, of Puritan fame, aged 82 years. January 24th.—In Lakewood, N. J., George De Haert Gillespie, a descendant of the earliest Dutch settlers of New Jersey, and Director and Acting President of the Manhattan Bank. January 25th.—At Boston, Mass., Commodore Francis Bleeker Ellison, U.S.N., aged 80 years; in London, England, Sir Francis Hugh George Seymour, Marquis of Hertford, aged 71 years; in New York, Mrs. James J. Mapes, widow of the eminent agriculturist and scientist, aged 75 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—At the Consistory to be held in Rome on February 21st, six new Cardinals are to be created.

—A BILL has been introduced in the Connecticut Legislature to allow women to vote on school district matters.

—A PLAN is under consideration to have all pensions paid from the Treasury, thereby abolishing agents and agencies.

—THE Arabs have recommenced the slave trade on the west coast of Madagascar, where 1,000 African slaves have been landed.

—THE Castle Garden Labor Bureau during 1883 found employment for 27,903 immigrants, of whom 19,519 were men and 8,384 women.

—THE National Executive Committee of the Prohibition party have decided to hold a National Convention, to nominate Presidential candidate, in Pittsburgh, in May.

—A BILL has been passed by the General Assembly of Virginia providing for the distribution and delivery of human corpses to medical colleges and other similar institutions.

—THE Pope has received assurances that the projected visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria to the King of Italy will be so conducted as not to wound the susceptibilities of the Pope.

—A WESTERN man has invented a hen's-nest with a door to it which closes when her biddyship is engaged in her egg laying duties, but opens as soon as she gets off the nest and begins to cackle.

—THE Vatican and Prussia have settled the question in relation to the training of the clergy in seminaries, and the negotiations for the restoration of bishops to their former dioceses are proceeding.

—THE United States Senate has passed a resolution instructing the Foreign Relations Committee to inquire into the discrimination against American products abroad, and to report such legislation as shall protect our interests.

—A BILL has been introduced in the Virginia Legislature, proposing the establishment of a Confederate Soldiers' Home in the Southern States similar to the homes for Union soldiers at Hampton, in that State, and at various points North.

—MR. HOAR'S Bill touching the succession to the Presidency has been passed by the Senate. In case of the Vice President's death or inability to serve, it gives the office first to the Secretary of State, or if for any reason he should be ineligible, to the Secretary of the Treasury; and so on through the Cabinet.

—UNDER Mississippi law a woman is liable to indictment for assault if she strikes her husband; but the man is not liable for assaulting the woman if he uses a switch no larger than his little finger in doing so. It is now proposed to amend the statutes as to give the wife the same immunity that the husband enjoys.

—THE new Christian Church in Washington, generally known as the Garfield Memorial Church, was dedicated on the 20th inst. It is designed to be the principal place of worship of the Christian (Disciples) Church in the United States, and the funds with which it was built were raised by contributions from the brethren all over the United States.

—It is authoritatively stated that twenty of the Liberal newspapers in England are now owned by a syndicate, with an American millionaire at their head. The headquarters of the establishment are at Birmingham, and the editorial manager boasts that he can speak to 2,000,000 people every day. One, at least, of the London dailies is believed to belong to the syndicate.

—BARNUM'S new white elephant is reported to be a magnificent specimen of its kind, of a pale ash color, with livid markings. There is no such thing as a white elephant, pure and simple. The present specimen is as near an approach to the color as has yet been met with, and even King Theobald had some reluctance in parting with his sacred treasure, despite the amount of money paid for it.

—FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the colored leader, was married in Washington, last week, to Mrs. Helen M. Pitts, a white woman, formerly of Avon, N. Y. The wedding was private, only two witnesses being present. The first wife of Mr. Douglass, who was a colored woman, died about a year ago. The woman he has just married is about thirty-five years of age, and was employed as a copyist in his office. Mr. Douglass himself is about seventy-three years of age, and has daughters as old as his present wife.

—Two LEADING residents in Alsace-Lorraine have lately been expelled. One was M. Charles Biech, a manufacturer and a well-known sympathizer with France, who, although he had made his option for France, continued to live in Alsace in order to promote an anti German feeling among the people. The other was General Grouvel, a retired French officer, and the owner of a chateau in Upper Alsace, where he resided for some portion of every year. He has now been suddenly ordered to quit the country. The reason for this step is not known.

—A RESOLUTION has been referred to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, directing it to inquire into the subject of the settlement and trade and trading-posts now being made and established in the valley of the Congo River, in Africa, and report as to any action that may be properly taken by Congress or the Executive in the furtherance of our commerce in that quarter. The committee will probably recommend the appointment of commissioners to examine the locality, and a sum will be appropriated sufficient to compensate them for their services.

—THE English and American residents of Nice are renewing their efforts to suppress gambling at Monte Carlo. The newspapers at Nice record four violent deaths as taking place at Monte Carlo within a week, which were the results of gambling. A clerk of a commercial house, after losing money, committed suicide by firing a bullet through his brain in the street outside the gambling hall in which he suffered. Another loser hanged himself on a tree behind the Hotel Londres, and a third put a bullet through his brain in the Hotel Paris. Another man, who was a winner of 7,000 francs, was robbed of his winnings and stabbed to death in the gardens of the Cas no.

—THE House of Representatives has passed a Bill to repeal all laws prescribing what is known as the "iron clad oath." A person taking this solemnly swore that he had never voluntarily borne arms against the United States Government, nor given aid or encouragement to those who had done so; that he had held no office under a Government hostile to the United States, and that he never would. Any man who was not rendered ineligible to office under the Fourteenth Amendment, and yet who, on account of service in the Rebellion, could not take this oath, was permitted to take a much milder one. Thus it turned out that jurors were about the only persons affected by the old law. There were but eleven votes in opposition to the repealing Act.



A SUMMER HOLIDAY ABROAD.—No. 5: SCENES IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.
 DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS, EXPRESSLY FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."

HON. WILLIAM R. MORRISON.
CHAIRMAN OF THE WAYS AND MEANS
COMMITTEE.

HON. WILLIAM R. MORRISON, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and the right-hand man of Speaker Carlisle in the direction of the Democratic policy in the present House of Representatives, is in the prime of life, having been born in Monroe County, Ill., September 14th, 1825, and being therefore a little over fifty years of age. His education was received at the common school and at McKendree College of his native State. As a student he was especially proficient in classical literature. At the completion of his course in college he began the study of law, and soon after his admission to the Bar he became Clerk of the Circuit Court. He also became prominent in politics, and was elected for four consecutive terms to the Illinois House of Representatives as a Democrat, serving one term as Speaker. His career in the State Legislature was such as to commend him to still higher honors, and retiring from that body he was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress. He was re-elected to the Forty-third, and has since retained his seat, being conspicuous for ability and positiveness in the maintenance of his convictions. His experience and familiarity with affairs admirably qualify him for the position which he now



HON. WM. R. MORRISON, CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE
WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE.
PHOTO. BY BELL.

holds as chairman of the most important committee of the House. Mr. Morrison is strongly in favor of revenue reform, and it is understood that he will make a vigorous effort to secure a modification of the existing Tariff during the present session of Congress.

EXECUTION OF A CHINESE PIRATE.

A CHINESE pirate, having attempted to assassinate a mariner attached to one of the French war-vessels at the Bay of Along, was captured, brought to drum-head court-martial, and ordered to be decapitated. The sentence was put into the speediest execution. His head was severed from the trunk at one blow and placed on the top of a bamboo pole, with an inscription in Chinese setting forth the crime for which he had been executed. Our illustration shows the head on the pole, and the executioner gravely wiping his deadly sword. The still

palpitating corpse lies on a mat, where it remained for twenty-four hours. The scene of the execution is Hai-Phong; the building on the left is the block-house defending the town on the west. The local militia had charge of the execution.

MR. D. O. MILLS'S GIFT TO CALIFORNIA.

WE give on this page an illustration of the group of statuary representing Columbus presenting to Queen Isabella of Spain his theories of the existence of a new world, recently presented to the State of California by Mr. D. O. Mills. The group is of beautiful Carrara marble, executed by Larkin G. Mead, and cost \$30,000. The formal presentation, which was made in the State capital of Sacramento, on December 22d, by Mr. Edgar Mills, on behalf of his brother, who is now a resident of New York, was an occasion of much interest, nearly all of the State officials and their subordinates, and a large number of prominent citizens, being present. In making the presentation the speaker said that Mr. Mills had long had this project in mind, and was gratified at the opportunity to embellish the Capitol of the State of which he was so long a resident, and in whose prosperity he had such an abiding faith. In a graceful speech Governor Stone- man accepted the gift for the State. He compared the successful work of the sculptor to the career of the giver of the statue, the financier and business man, by inherent energy and strict integrity carving out a reputation which to-day was a source of pride to every Californian. In conclusion, he said it was "to be regretted that in our State public spirit does not oftener go hand-in-hand with financial success, and that the Executive is not more frequently called upon to render thanks in the name of the Commonwealth on similar occasions." The group of statuary has been placed in the rotunda of the Capitol, where it will be an object of interest to visitors, and of just pride to the people of the State.

TWO CELEBRATED DOGS.

"SCAMP" and "Thora" represent the highest type of those peculiar and intelligent dogs, the *Dachshund*, or badger dog. Although strangers in this country, they can trace their ancestors back to the time of Ptolemy, and some of the tombs excavated recently in Egypt have representations of these dogs carved upon them. They are used extensively for hunting in Austria and Germany, while almost every peasant in the Tyrol considers himself on the road for social recognition if he possesses a "Tekel," or the larger breed of these dogs; the smaller ones being used by the royal family and nobility, which makes the *spiel dachshund*, or smaller breed, a very difficult animal for the outsider to procure. Twice a year the Emperors of Austria and Germany have a grand hunt with these dogs, whose methods of getting their game is rather peculiar. They are used for hunting badgers principally, but can be trained for any ground

game. They are taken out into the woods and let loose, when, instead of keeping in pack like foxhounds, they scatter off to find their game. As soon as a hole is found they set up a peculiar baying which immediately brings up the hunters and rest of the pack. Then the dogs are held while search is made for the other entrance to the home of the badger. That found, a pair of dogs are held there, while the best fighter is sent into the hole. The badger, being a plucky animal, generally shows fight, and when he is brought out by the dog is generally well used up. Sometimes the badger runs, in which case he is caught by the dogs at the entrance. It seldom happens that the dog is killed, but in such cases the other dogs show no reluctance to go in and finish the fight.

The pair shown in our illustration have just been imported by the well-known traveler and special correspondent, Mr. William Lee Howard, whose traveling companions they have been since they were six weeks old. "Scamp," the male, is the



CALIFORNIA.—THE MARBLE GROUP OF COLUMBUS EXPLAINING TO QUEEN ISABELLA HIS THEORY OF THE EXISTENCE OF A NEW WORLD, PRESENTED BY MR. D. O. MILLS TO THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

pure yellow breed from Poland, and has had great difficulty in getting accustomed to the exasperating climate of New England, he having taken up his abode in Hartford, Conn. "Thora," the female, is from the royal kennels of Hanover, she having been presented to Mr. Howard by one of the royal family. The intelligence and sagacity shown by this breed of dogs is conceded by all authorities to be surprising, far eclipsing that of any animal we have knowledge of.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY ABROAD.

No. 5.

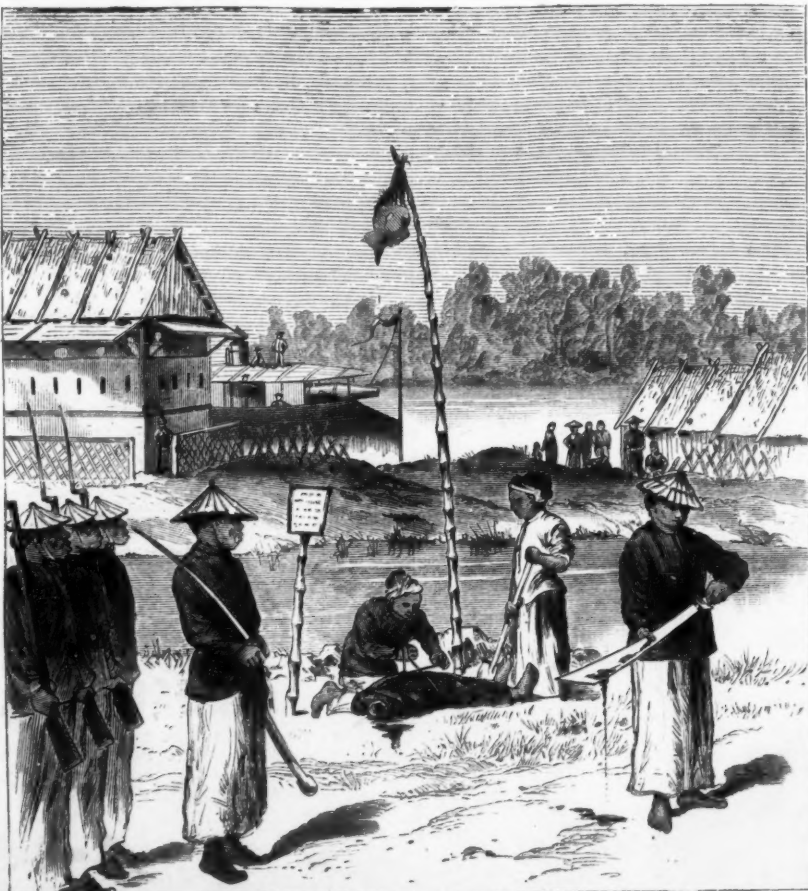
GLIMPSES OF BRITAIN.

ENGLAND, in a certain sense, is "home" to most of us; not modern England, towards which we are free to feel the lurking antagonism of good and true Americans, but that old England which our great-grandfathers knew, and which belongs, through them, to us also. And it is with the feeling of heirs stepping into possession of their birthright that we, at least, land in the mist and rain of a true English morning upon the Liverpool docks; sorely disappointed in our inheritance, inasmuch as that the mist persistently shrouds everything, leaving Birkenhead a veiled mystery, the spires of the city nowhere, and the most prominent figure of the scene—on shore—that of a majestic policeman in a helmet and short kilted frock, with a belt just below his shoulder-blades, who surveys our approaching "tender" with folded arms and an impassive air, like a gigantic petticoated child on stilts.

A sombre and sooty place is Liverpool, and all things—streets, people, houses—look in the prevailing fog as if seen through a blurred and dirty window. There are very bright spots of greenery in Liverpool; but they lie outside the ken of the mere passing traveler, who usually accepts a night at the "North-western" or the "Adelphi," or the still more comfortable "Compton House," as a necessary evil between the steamer and Chester. To Chester all tourists fly forthwith, and wisely, too, for he who would know and study "Old England" can do no better than to take this ancient Roman and Saxon city as the first chapter. To eyes which have never

yet known the rapturous feast afforded by a line of quaint medieval gables toothed against the sky, or the vista of a narrow lane of old "half-timbered" fronts, projecting, receding, leaning at every angle, and mingling in a confusion of lights and shadows and bits of mellow color—to these every street in Chester is simply a delicious dream of joy. The projecting upper stories are all of creamy-white plaster, crossed with square rough-hewn beams of weather-worn black oak, whereof the architects of our so-called "Queen Anne" cottages essay to give a crude and bald imitation; there are wide, low, bowed windows, crossing the whole front with myriads of little beaded panes; quaint old signs, with Red Horses and Golden Lions and Green Dragons, swinging on rusty iron stanchions that have creaked there in the wind for centuries; cornices, carved thick with grotesque fancies in moldering wood and stone; shields rich with armorial bearings; gargoyles hideously grinning; dates cut in great straggling letters on the oaken beams, that point one back, like milestones, along the path of English history. There are queer little old inns, too, whose wine-cellars are monastery dungeons, haunted, no doubt, by grim ghosts of walled-in monks; shabby little inns, with a musty flavor in their bedrooms—a smell of antiquity which we in America know not—with long, dark, winding passages, full of inexplicable turns and corners, and steep stairways suddenly descending, like *oubliettes*, before your astonished steps; with low-celled "coffee-rooms," against whose beams you may knock your head if you be a man, crowded with massive old mahogany furniture, never moved probably from one generation to another; and the crude New Yorker, brought up in an atmosphere of Winstons and Fifth Avenues at home, and Grand Unions for Summer holidays, will find in these hostleries the joy of a new experience and a new sensation. There are modern hotels in Chester—abominations with gas in the bedrooms, with high ceilings, and wide staircases, and as many of the "modern conveniences"—but these yet found their way into English hotels—but these the wise seeker after novelties will have none of. He will go, as we did, to some "Bear's Paw," or "Green Dragon," and so dream himself back into Elizabethan days and medieval manners.

(Continued on page 379.)



TONQUIN.—EXECUTION OF A CHINESE PIRATE AT HAI-PHONG BY THE LOCAL MILITIA.



TYPES OF THE DACHSHUND, OR BADGER DOG, THE ONLY PAIR IN THIS COUNTRY.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE late Commodore Vanderbilt perhaps never made the remark attributed to him that "those who sit still and take their seven per cent. will get all the money in time"; but the annual statement of the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York, which is published in full in this paper, appears to demonstrate the correctness of the principle. The assets of this great corporation, which have been steadily increasing for the last generation, despite our panic and depression, have now passed a round hundred millions, far beyond those of any similar institution in the world. The disbursements to policy-holders of the MUTUAL during the year just closed were nearly fourteen millions of dollars, or about forty-six thousand dollars for each working-day of the entire year. At the last regular monthly meeting of the trustees of the MUTUAL LIFE, President Winston presented an exceedingly interesting address, announcing that the company's accumulations had reached one hundred millions, and reviewing the principal events during his presidency of thirty years. Upon the suggestion of ex-Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, the President's address has been published for distribution, and its perusal will richly repay every person interested in insurance and kindred topics. President Winston points out that the assets of the MUTUAL LIFE exceeds by nearly fifty millions the combined capital of all the banks of New York city, and is within eight millions of the total bank capital of all city and New York State institutions. The figures of the report show that the MUTUAL is as sound as it is great, and that in no particular can its credit, its security, or its efficiency be impeached.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, whose advertisement appears on the last page, owes its immense strength and increasing prosperity to the equity with which policy-holders of every class are treated, and to the security it offers them that their claims will be paid—the security not only of nearly two million dollars in cash, but of an eminently sagacious and conservative management. Its rates are as low as long experience has shown can be relied on to grant full payment of claims without guesswork or delay, and its contract is clear and equitable.

FUN.

It is easy to pick out a journalist in the crowded street, because he is the only person who always keeps to the right.

SOME heathens are not as much of the heathen as we think. Read a Mahometan proverb: "God has bestowed the good things of this world to relieve our necessities; to reward our virtues; these will be rewarded in another world." We know of no greater necessity to be relieved than a stubborn cold, and we know of no better relief than DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

AT THE POULTRY SHOW.

HATCHING CHICKENS BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS.

THE Poultry Exhibition—the second meeting of the New York Fanciers' Club—at the Madison Square Garden the past week, has been a most gratifying success, the attendance running up into many thousands daily. One of the features of the show was the exhibition made by the Elmira Perfect Hatcher Company of a number of their ingenious but simple machines for the hatching of chickens by artificial incubation. Details of the process were published about a year ago in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. It is claimed, and with good reason, that the "Perfect Hatcher" is the pioneer of all successful apparatus of a similar nature. It was brought into prominence at the first meeting of the Fanciers' Club, and since then leading men in all professions, and the most notable breeders throughout the country, have given orders for one or more machines. In fact, the reputation of "The Perfect Hatcher" has extended all over the globe, and sales have been made in England, Japan, and lately in New Zealand. The demand has only commenced, for the business is really in its infancy. For a person with a small capital there is no business which can be entered into with a surety of such big returns on the investment. For the South nothing could promise better. It is well known that the artificial process is best for a warm or a hot climate where hens are driven from their sittings by vermin. In regard to the profit there might be obtained in Florida, for instance, the *Dispatch* of that State contained the following communication last November:

"About a year ago I expressed the opinion that raising spring chickens in Florida for the Northern markets could be made a profitable business. The *Dispatch* backed up the opinion in quite a lengthy editorial, but no facts were then given, as I had not heard of any shipments having been made, consequently could give no positive figures as to what the result of such a shipment would be. Since that time, encouraged by one of the editors of the *Dispatch* whom I know to be a practical poultry-man, I have worked to place myself in a position in which I can say what has been done, and it is safe to say 'what has been done can be done again' under the same circumstances.

"About the 1st of May last, I shipped from Jacksonville, by the Mallory Line, to New York city, a coop containing twenty chickens, averaging two pounds each. They arrived in New York in good condition and sold as follows:

10 pairs chickens at.....	\$1.50	\$15.00
CHARGES.....		
Freight and cartage.....	1.00	
Commission at 10 per cent.....	1.50	2.50
Net proceeds.....		\$12.50

"An average of 62½ cents each. This I do not consider a fancy price, for I could have sold the same in Jacksonville at \$1.50 per pair, and saved freight and commission—but I knew only a limited quantity could be sold there readily. My object was to test a market that could be relied upon to take them in large quantities; also, to learn by actual experiment what was required as to breed, size, condition, etc., which would be a guide for future shipments. . . . Early vegetable-raising, which has spread all over the South, stands on the same footing, with a decided advantage in favor of poultry. Shipping should commence during March, and can be continued until the 1st of July, at which time I saw chickens sold in New York at 30 cents per pound, live weight. Freight from Jacksonville to New York city is not more than fifty miles out into the States by express.

R. W. PARRAMORE."

The "Perfect Hatcher" Company have built a new factory at their place in Elmira, and have put in new machinery. But, in spite of all this, they have been behind their orders the past month. On page 373 of this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a number of sketches, made at the poultry exhibition, include an off-hand illustration of one of the "Perfect Hatcher" Company's incubators, with an idea of how the little chicks appear as they are hatched from the shells.

The reputation of the LIEBIG'S CO'S COCA BEEF TONIC and its ARNICA EXTRACT OF WITCH HAZEL is too high to require remark. The public has learned to place implicit confidence in preparations which bear the name of this eminent firm. HER MAJESTY'S FAVORITE COSMETIC GLYCERINE is another of its preparations which has won golden opinions abroad in the most aristocratic circles. The charming and gifted cantatrice, Mlle. Berthe Ricci says: "It is unquestionably the most delicate and effective cosmetic I have ever used." It quickly removes blemishes, chaffing and roughness, and is one of the most delightful toilet and complexion preparations ever prepared.

PROFESSOR C. H. WILKINSON, Editor *Medical Surgical Journal*, says: "The Coca Beef Tonic of the Liebig Company, combined as it is with Coca, quinine and iron, forms a most valuable adjunct to the practice of medicine. From the experience we have had with it, we are forced to speak in its favor and to recommend its use. Beef, iron and quinine cannot be surpassed by any other ingredients in or out of the dispensatory for invigorating an enfeebled system, and when such remedies can be combined from so reliable a house as Liebig's it behooves the profession to patronize the same to the fullest extent."

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON, Baronet, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., Physician to Her Majesty the Queen, President Royal British Association, Professor at the University of Edinburgh, etc., says: "The properties of this wonderful plant (the Coca) are the most remarkable of any known to the medical world. From repeated personal trials I am convinced that its use is highly beneficial and Tonic."

PROFESSOR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., President Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Member General Council University of Edinburgh, etc., etc., says: "Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic has more than realized my expectations."

PROFESSOR JOHN M. CARNOCHAN, M.D., Surgeon-in-Chief N. Y. State Hospitals, Professor Surgery N. Y. Medical College, ex-Health Officer Port of New York, etc., says: "My patients derive marked and decided benefit from the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic."

PROFESSOR F. W. HUNT, M.D., LL.D., Honorary Member Imperial Medical Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, Professor of Practice of Medicine, etc., etc., says: "Liebig's Co's Coca Beef Tonic is far superior to the fashionable and illusive preparations of beef, wine and iron."

The *American Homeopathic Observer* says: "Liebig's Co's Coca Beef Tonic certainly merits all the praise it is receiving."

The *St. Louis Clinical Review* says: "We desire to call the attention of the profession to the reliability of the preparations manufactured by the Liebig Company, and to the high character of the endorsements accorded to this celebrated firm by leading physicians and medical journals of all schools."

PROFESSOR J. C. LEHARDY, M.D., President State Medical Society of Georgia, Member Athenae Royal de Bruxelles, etc., etc., says: "The results obtained by me from its use in my practice are indeed flattering."

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"As a tonic it has no equal."

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Eureka, Caldwell Parish, La.

"A valuable preparation in every sense of the word."

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295 Columbus Ave., Boston.

"It is recommended by the most learned practitioners in all cases requiring tonics. Foreign and native physicians—gentlemen of great learning and of the highest order of intellect—indorse its wondrous powers. It has forced its way by its own intrinsic merits."

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—The Independent.

"It is all that it is recommended to be," says PROFESSOR MARTIN FREELIGH, M.D., LL.D., 31 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York City.

"Being out of health, I took some of Liebig Co's Coca Beef Tonic and was greatly benefited by it. I have repeatedly since then prescribed it among my patients, and am well pleased with the results. I think it far preferable to the beef, wine and iron preparations."—A. Otis, M.D., Ellenville, N. Y.

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—Professor R. C. Word, M.D., LL.D.,
in *Southern Medical Record*.

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ISSUED IN 1864,

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

THREE TIMES ANNUALLY,

Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw a Prize, as there are no BLANKS.

THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO

200,000 Florins,

20,000 Florins,

15,000 Florins,

And bonds not drawing one of the above Prizes must draw a Premium of not less than

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The next drawing takes place on the

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And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of March is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

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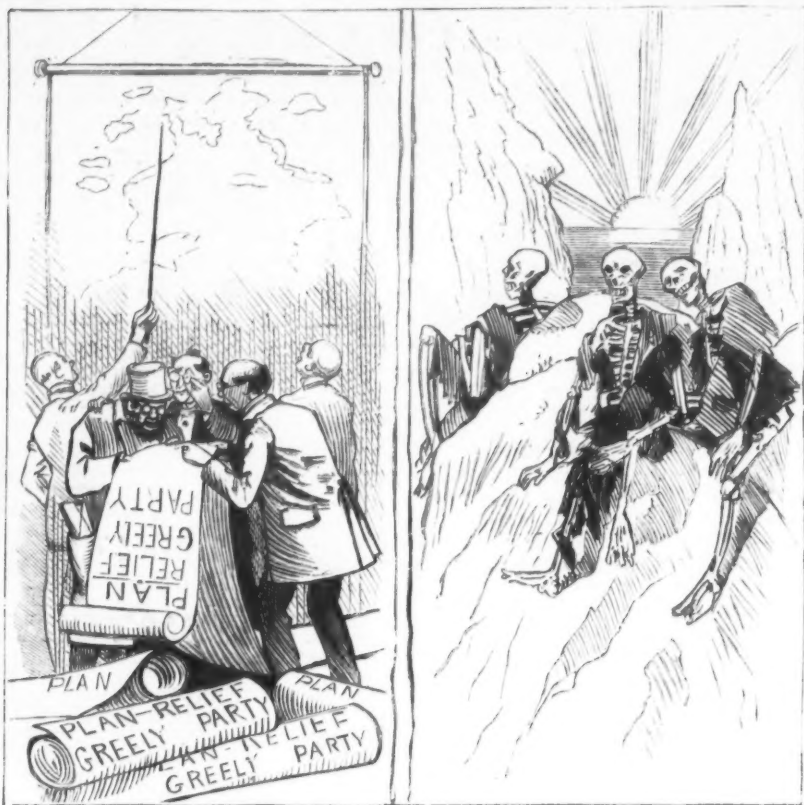
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While Congress and the Naval Authorities talk and plan—

STATEMENT

OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

For the year ending December 31st, 1883.

ASSETS.....\$101,148,248.25.

Annuity Account.

No.	ANN. PAY'TS.	No.	ANN. PAY'TS.
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1883.....55	\$19,200 91	Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1884.....61	\$23,134 31
Premium Annuities.....	3,712 44	Premium Annuities.....	3,674 96
Annuities Issued.....7	4,433 40	Annuities Terminated.....1	537 48
	62		62
	\$27,346 75		\$27,346 75

Insurance Account.

No.	AMOUNT.	No.	AMOUNT.
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1883.....106,014	\$329,554,174	Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1884.....110,990	\$342,948,032
Risks Assumed.....11,531	37,810,597	Risks Terminated.....6,755	24,418,739
	117,745		117,745
	\$367,364,771		\$367,364,771

Dr. Revenue Account. Cr.

To Balance from last account.....	\$92,782,986 08	By paid Death Claims.....	\$5,095,795 00
" Premiums received.....	13,457,928 44	" Matured Endowments.....	2,866,261 73
" Interest and Rents.....	5,042,064 45	Total claims.....	\$7,962,056 73
		" Annuities.....	27,661 38
		" Dividends.....	3,138,491 69
		" Surrendered Policies and Ad- ditions.....	2,831,150 71
		Total paid Policy-holders.....	\$13,059,360 51
		" Commissions, (payment of current and extinguishment of future,).....	886,126 90
		" Premium charged off on Se- curities Purchased.....	405,472 22
		" Taxes and Assessments.....	226,057 69
		" Expenses.....	834,752 79
		" Balance to New Account.....	94,972,108 86
	\$111,283,878 97		\$111,283,878 97

Dr. Balance Sheet. Cr.

To Reserve at four per cent.....	\$95,571,877 00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate.....	\$16,303,472 34
" Claims by death not yet due.....	908,635 00	" United States and other Bonds.....	25,279,040 00
" Premiums paid in advance.....	22,794 35	" Loans on Collaterals.....	15,037,910 00
" Agents' Balances.....	8,479 56	" Real Estate.....	8,633,971 89
" Surplus and Contingent Guarantee Fund.....	4,636,462 34	" Cash in Banks and Trust Com- panies at interest.....	3,403,249 63
	\$101,148,248 25	" Interest accrued.....	1,310,588 23
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual.....	1,039,329 68
		" Premiums in transit, principally for December.....	140,786 48
			\$101,148,248 25

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is over \$12,000,000.
From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a dividend will be apportioned to each participating Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1884.

THE PREMIUM RATES CHARGED FOR INSURANCE IN THIS COMPANY WERE REDUCED IN 1879 ABOUT 15 PER CENT ON ORDINARY LIFE POLICIES.

ASSETS.....\$101,148,248 25
New York, January 18, 1884.

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50 New Style Chromo Cards with name and this elegant little Pocket Companion (2 blades) for 14 cts. in stamps. 5 packs and 5 Companions, 50 cts. Sample Book, 25 cts. CAPITOL CARD CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

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